THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII | Clearfield, Pennsylvania, Wednesday, December 10, 1913 | Number 103

PLEADS GUILTY TO KILLING

Second Degree Murder Plea Accepted

SENTENCED TO REFORMATORY

Curry Run Youth on Trial For Alleged Robbery—Other Cases of Minor Importance Disposed of by the Court, with Some Sentences Imposed Upon Those Found Guilty.

This morning, shortly after the opening of court, the attorneys for William Currie, indicted for the killing of David George, on behalf of their client, presented to the court a plea of guilty of murder in the second degree.

Currie was this afternoon given an indeterminate sentence to the Huntingdon reformatory, the term not to exceed 20 years.

The other cases growing out of the riot at Sterling last August were nol. prossed, the court viewing the matter as one in which both sides were equally to blame.

This ends one of the murder cases which it was thought would take up much of the time of the court this week.

The penalty which may be imposed upon Currie is from one to 20 years. The court has not yet imposed the sentence.

The case taken up before noon today was that against Henry Hilliard on the charge of robbery and assault and battery. The defendant is a young man who is accused of attacking and robbing a small boy who was carrying his father's wages home at Curry Run. This is case is still on.

In criminal court Tuesday.

A true bill was found Tuesday afternoon against William Currie, charged with murdering David George. The grand jury also found a true bill against Elias George for assault and battery. George is one of the men who were mixed up in the fracas in which David George was killed.

Wallace Moore, convicted of F. & B., was sentenced to pay a fine of $25, $30 lying in expenses and costs of prosecution, the defendant to give security for the carrying out of the sentence.

Henry Etzwiler found guilty of steal in a bicycle, was remanded to jail for a further investigation of his case.

Owing to the sickness of an important witness, the case against Clyde Askey, was continued.

The jury in the case of Tony Partridge, accused of selling cigarettes to minors, occupying the time of court Tuesday afternoon, went out this morning.

JOSEPH AERICH IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY

Admitted to Bail in $5000 by the Court

Tuesday evening Coroner Pollum, of DuBois, went to Curwensville, to hold an inquisition into the death of Daniel Rivers. The inquest was held at the Central hotel, the coroner empanelling the following jury: S. W. Carstetter, J. L. Draucker, J. M. Kennedy, Hugh Mallen, C. Smith and J. L. Dyer.

After listening to the testimony of about twenty witnesses, the jury returned the following verdict:

"We find that Daniel Rivers came to his death on December 6, 1913, at Curwensville, Pa. from the result of a blow struck by Joseph Arich, without forethought or malice while intent upon defending himself from personal injury at the hands of the said Daniel River.

A number of witnesses testified to the good character of Mr. Arich.

This morning, in court, the application for the release from prison of Joseph Arich was presented to the court by his attorneys, Messrs. A. L. Cole and R. D. Swoope. The court granted the petition and placed Arich's bail at $5000. The bond was filed later in the day, and the defendant released

Have you seen the new case of Bath Room fixtures at William Powell's Hardware store.

HOSPITAL DIRECTORS

Contributions to Institution Amount to More Than $500.

The following amounts to date are gratefully acknowledged by the Woman's Auxiliary of the Clearfield hospital.

Mrs. H. W. Croft, Pittsburgh	$50.00
Miss Alice M. Irvin, Philadelphia	50.00
Mrs. A. E. Leitzinger	25.00
Paterson Clay Product Co.	25.00
A. H. Irvin, Curwensville	25.00
Hugh M. Irvin, Curwensville	25.00
H. B. Powell	25.00
Clearfield Clay Working Co.	25.00
Mrs. S. J. Montz, Smith Mills	25.00
Ed. Roessner	25.00
S. L. Driggs	10.00
W. H. Patterson	10.00
Paul S. Read, Osceola Mills	10.00
H. J. Hinterlitner	10.00
Miss Margaret Hoyt, Kerrmoor	10.00
Nin McQuillen	10.00
E. E. Lindemuth	10.00
C. W. Smith	10.00
W. W. Howe	10.00
Mrs. Emma S. Boynton	10.00
Franklin Tannery, Mahaffey	5.00
J. B. McGrath, Houtzdale	5.00
W. C. Langsford, Houtzdale	5.00
P. T. Davis	5.00
Dr. L. R. Browne,	5.00
Henry B. Swoope, Madera,	5.00
Peter Moyer, Kylertown,	5.00
T. Huston Hartswick,	5.00
F. G. Harris	5.00
H. S. Whiteman	5.00
Mrs. Dan'l Leipold	5.00
Lloyd Lindemuth, Johnstown	5.00
Alfred Graham	5.00
Miss Jennie Powell	2.50
Miss Maude Powell	2.50
Mrs. James L. Leavy	2.50
A friend	2.50
M. L. McQuown,	2.00
Collection Union Thanksgiving Service, Presbyterian church,	44.04
Collection Thansgiving St. Andrews Episcopal church	10.00
Collection Union Service, Baptist church, Curwensville	21.00
Epworth League, Curwensville	3.00
Cash with contribution from Woodland school	.75
Total	$558.29

MRS. BLANCHE BIDDLE, Treas.

BURGESS FREAS DEAD

Punxsutawney Loses One of Its Prominent Citizens.

Philip Odessa Freas, burgess of Punxsutawney, died suddenly Tuesday morning, while being taken to the hospital for treatment for heart disease. Mr. Freas was one of Punxsutawney's most prominent citizens. He was born in Perry township, Jefferson county, in 1871, and was aged 42 years, 7 months and 24 days

Mr. Freas was an active man, engaging in the electrical business for some years. He was elected justice of the peace last month and had been burgess of the town since 1909. He was married and leaves a widow and five children He was a prominent Elk and a member of the Modern Woodmen of the World.

WILL HONOR JUDGES

Bar Association Will Banquet Messrs Smith and Bell.

At a meeting of the Clearfield Bar association held Tuesday it was decided to tender a banquet to Judge Allison O. Smith and Judge-elect Singleton Bell. James P. O'Laughlin, Esq presided at the meeting and appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements for the affair.

The banquet will be held at the Dimeling some day during the first week in January, the date to be fixed by the committee. The members of the committee chosen by Chairman O'Laughlin are H. B. Hartswick, W. C. Miller, A. M. Liveright, James A. Gleason and R. D. Swoope.

The occasion promises to be a most enjoyable one and will show the high esteem in which both Judge Smith and his successor, Mr. Bell are held by the local bar.

CLEARFIELD HOSPITAL

Questions Affecting the Institution Discussed Last Night

The monthly meeting of the board of directors of the Clearfield hospital was held last night, a committee of the Ladies auxiliary being present Matters pertaining to the welfare of the hospital were discussed. The situation at that institution was gone over thoroughly, especially that relating to the finnaces, an effort for the increasing of the revenues being the most momentous.

LOST—Pair of gold-rimmed glasses Saturday. Return to this office.

SAYS JUDGES OF 70 SHOULD QUIT

Attorney General McReynolds Makes His Annual Report.

REVIEWS ALL TRUST SUITS.

Reaffirms Policy of Insisting on Actual Dissolution of Illegal Combinations. Asks For More Money to Employ Assistants — Other Recommendations For Legislation Which Is Needed.

Washington, Dec. 10.—The most interesting recommendation contained in the report of Attorney General McReynolds is for the enactment of a law which will result in the elimination from the federal bench below the supreme court of all judges who have reached the age of seventy years.

This effort by McReynolds to "oslerize" members of the federal bench who have reached the age of seventy years is likely to stir up a good deal of discussion.

Mr. McReynolds' report discloses what has been clearly indicated in the suits that he has already filed under the Sherman anti-trust law—that he will insist in all dissolutions upon an actual and not a theoretical segregation of the parts. This feature of the attorney general's program was illustrated in his attitude toward the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific dissolution and in his recent argument in the International Harvester trust suit

In regard to the enforcement of the Sherman anti-trust law Mr. McReynolds says.

"Alleged violations of this law are being constantly reported and an organization is being perfected through which substantial complaints may be promptly investigated and violations of the act vigorously and speedily dealt with In this work the services of several district attorneys will be freely used

Trust Suits Now Pending.

"On March 4, 1913, there were pending under this act fifty-two cases thirty-five civil, sixteen criminal and one contempt case, of which three civil, five criminal and the one contempt proceeding have since been concluded Since March 4 last eight cases have been instituted five civil and three criminal, and one of each class has been concluded At this time forty nine cases are pending of which forty three were instituted during former administrations and six during the present "

The attorney general reviews the dissolution of the Union Pacific Southern Pacific merger

Additional Recommendations.

The attorney general makes these additional recommendations

"Clerks of United States courts should be appointed for specified terms by the courts with the consent and approval of the attorney general and be subject to removal by the president for cause at any time

"Provision should be made for review by the supreme court of the final decisions of the court of customs appeals by writs of certiorari, to be granted only upon application of the government "

THOUSANDS ASK FOR CLEMENCY FOR WOMAN

All Petitions Sent to Governor Baldwin Go In Wastebasket.

Hartford, Conn., Dec 10. — Faster than the clerks in the executive offices at the capitol can open them come petitions to Governor Simeon E. Baldwin asking for clemency for Mrs. Bessie J Wakefield, sentenced to be hanged for the murder of her husband. The correspondence goes into the wastebasket as fast as opened, but overflowing wastebaskets sent to the boiler room barely keep pace with the incoming mail sacks A bundle of 6,000 signed petitions promised by telegraph from Louisville, Ky, came by express, while from points widely scattered through out the west have come newspaper clippings, lists of names and letters, giving personal opinions of the law or of the sentence Here and there is a request that the law be permitted to take its course

A new feature is the mailing in of photographs of children One photograph had written across it, "The mother of these children is praying for the life of the mother of the Wakefield babies." Many letters come under registry. Everything goes into the wastebasket. A conservative estimate made by the clerks is that upward of 25,000 persons have sent in a letter or petition.

The Wakefield case has not come to the attention of the governor or the board of pardons. Counsel for the woman will first ask the supreme court for a new trial

AT U. B. CHURCH

Evangelist College Tells what a True Christian Is.

At the U. B. church last night Rev. J.S. College, the evangelist spoke on "What is a Christian?" He said the greatest thing the mind could grasp was the idea of Love. He said criticism that was only based on our personal ideas was a demon working under the guise of an angel. He said the chanting of hymns and the saying of prayers without love in the heart was priestly selfishness.

Love is not a sensation, it is an inspiration.

Physical nature is dead, if the senses are sealed. Intellectual nature is dead if men are crazy. Spiritual nature is dead, without love. So called spiritual demonstration, the evangelist said, was noise, just noise, if it lacked love.

He said organizations which were called churches and which were jealous of one another were not churches, they are a travesty. His closing declaration embodied a great truth "Love is Christianity—Christianity is love, without Love there could be no christianity."

The subject for tonight will be "Hounds and Other Dogs." Although a peculiar subject for a sermon it will be an interesting one. Come out and hear it at 7.30.

NEEDED VACCINATION

Newly Weds Quarantined by Health Officials.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ulrich, living near Takesville, Hopewell township, Bedford county, who were married on Thanksgiving Day, are sick of the smallpox the bridesmaid at the wedding, Miss Lula Greenawalt, and some of the guests have the disease and the remainder of the thirty persons at the marriage feast are under quarantine.

According to reports received at the Department of Health the bride and her sister had smallpox before the wedding took place. Since the wedding day several cases have appeared and State Health officers have been rounding up suspects.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Mrs Mary [illegible] eighty six is dead at her home in W[illegible] N J

Captain Thomas [illegible] U S A retired [illegible] Pa

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Morrisville [illegible]

[illegible] from 1886 to 1912

Franklin Simmons [illegible] known American sculptor [illegible] in Rome while taking a hot bath He was born at Webster Me., in 18[illegible]

John J Grum, seventy-six, a member of the Eckford base ball team of Brooklyn which won the championship of the country in 1862 and 1864 died in Pittsfield, Mass He joined the Eckfords as shortstop in 1868

GRAMPIAN.

Mrs. Catherine Davis returned from a week's visit with Mrs. R. P. Kester, at Newton, Pa., on Thursday.

Miss Lula Spencer visited Miss Ethel Spencer on Sunday

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Spencer visited Mr and Mrs. W. L. Wall, in Grampian, on Sunday.

Theatrical Sensation of the Season.

Laugh and the world laughs with you. "A Girl of the Underworld" which plays at the new opera house, Friday night will make you laugh. If you like surprises in a drama this play will please you. The theme is an incident of reality. Every fa er and mother will send their children to school to learn and to church to get knowledge, but "A Girl of the Underworld" will teach them a lesson; no mother or father no church or school, can teach more knowledge to women and men in one night than it would take you a lifetime to learn by practical experience. And above it all you laugh because you see natural things performed in a humorous manner. You can't miss this opportunity for one of the best plays of this season. Seats on sale tomorrow.

Serviceable Manicure Sets, Safety Razors, Pocket Knives, Scissors [illegible]s, Chafing Dishes, Electric Irons and Percolators have just been received at William Powell's Store on Second street. Dec 2 4t

SEEK MISS M'CANN IN PHILADELPHIA

Detectives Run Down Every Clew In Girl Hunt.

HER FAMILY HEARTBROKEN.

Likewise No Trace Has Been Found of Miss Vera Moulton, Who Has Been Gone a Week—White Slaver Suspected—Reported That Missing Girl Was Seen—Rumors Unconfirmed.

New York, Dec. 10.—Reports that Miss Jessie Evelyn McCann, the missing Flatbush girl, had been seen at various places in New York and Philadelphia urged Inspector Faurot's searchers into new activity and caused an exchange of messages with the Philadelphia police. While none of these reports was of a positive nature the police determined to run down every clew.

A report was received by Inspector Faurot that Miss McCann was seen in the Brooklyn Institute of Fine Arts. At about the same time she was reported to have been seen in Philadelphia.

Inspector Faurot got a telephone message from a man, who gave a telephone number in the Chelsea district, and said he lived at 422 West Twenty-third street. This informant, who gave his name as Harry Nelson, said that he saw Miss McCann at 3.30 o'clock on Thursday afternoon at Cortlandt street and Broadway in company with an elderly man of forbidding appearance. Miss McCann's father received a letter of similar tenor to which the name Harry Nelson was signed.

Police went to the Twenty-third street address and found a rooming house there. No one had ever heard of Nelson. Nothing more satisfactory came from an investigation in regard to the telephone number.

Miss McCann when she left home last Thursday morning wore a brown satin charmeuse dress, with a long brown cutaway coat, a brown velvet tam o'shanter with an orange plume and black kid shoes with brown cloth uppers She carried a set of black fox furs and wore on her wrist a bracelet on which was inscribed the pet term "Sis" and on her left hand a gold signet ring bearing the initials "J. E M" Around her neck she wore a string of red coral beads

Description of Missing Girls.

The young woman is twenty-three years old, weighs about 120 pounds, is five feet seven inches tall and has a light complexion, light brown hair and blue eyes

Miss Vera Moulton, who has been missing from her home, 530 West One Hundred and Fifty second street, since last Wednesday evening, unlike Miss McCann is well developed for her age and height She weighs 110 pounds and is five feet four inches tall has a fair skin dark blue eyes with arched brows well formed ears with small lobes perfect teeth nose slightly tip tilted and walks with "a military swing," shoulders straight and erect On her left cheek she bears a scar resembling, her mother says, a vaccination mark

When she left home last Wednesday evening Miss Moulton had on a black satin waist with an Elizabethan ruff collar a white and black skirt with a hobble band light tan coat and a blue tam o' shanter hat with a blue feather

Such Ingratitude!

Briggs—So Mudge is getting better?

Braggs—Yes He will soon be all right now. But, talking about sells, you know we had nearly $100 raised to put up a nice monument for him, as no one thought he could recover. And now he comes around and wants to borrow it to help pay his doctor's bill What do you think of that?—Stray Stories.

Mercenary Love.

Two little cousins had quarreled, and the mother of one of them tried to make peace

"Amy," she said, "why did you tell Bobbie you wouldn't be his little sweetheart?"

"Cos he didn't ask me," replied Amy indignantly, "till he knowed I had a new sixpence!"—London Telegraph

He Kept Count.

A famous animal trainer was talking to a reporter in New York He said:

"The secret of animal training is gentleness Nothing sudden or brusque must be done An unexpected caress may anger an animal more than a kick in the ribs Sudden, brusque, unexpected things never go, no matter how well they are meant. Once I was showing in Scotland. We trainers supped one night with a Scotch admirer. The old man was the soul of hospitality but I admit I was rather startled when he leaned toward me and said,

"'Stick in man Conklin, stick in. Yer [illegible] twa muffins aheid o' ye.'"

[illegible]

STATE GRANGE

Opens Session in Reading With Many Present.

Reading, Dec. 10—Reading extended a hearty welcome to the 2000 grangers who gathered here for their annual convention which opened yesterday. Many arrived Saturday and Sunday, and every train Tuesday brought another delegation so that by night every hotel, boarding house or rooming house was filled.

When the convention opened yesterday the official welcome was given by Mayor Stratton. Pink and green the colors of the Grange, are the dominating colors throughout the city and at the convention hall.

The task of registering the visitors was begun Monday by officers of the Chamber of Commerce. The delegates represent 65 counties and more than 800 granges in the state. William T. Creasy arrived here on Sunday evening.

All the sessions of the grange will be secret, with the exception of the opening meeting. Following the opening of the grange the committees were appointed and Worthy Master Creasy delivered his annual address. A public reception to the officers and members of the various granges was held last evening by the members of the Chamber of Commerce and citizens of Reading. A program of addresses and music had been arranged. President Daniel F. Printz, of the Chamber of Commerce; John D. Mishler, chairman of the Committee on Convention Mayor Stratton and W. T. Creasy, will be the speakers. Songs by local ragtime singers and a concert by a Germania Orchestra will be followed by and address on "The Currency Bill" by Congressman Robert. J. Buckley, of Ohio.

RECEPTION TO NEW SECRETARY

Hand of Welcome Extended to Mr. and Mrs. Kester

A delightful reception was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Kester and Mr. Falmsbee at the Clearfield Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday evening. About three hundred persons, most of whom are leaders in the religious and social life of the community, were present. The Auxiliary of the association was present, and served a delicious luncheon.

At 8 o'clock, when the guests commenced to arrive, the directors of the association formed a receiving line and warmly welcomed the visitors, who were seated in the gymnasium room.

The president, Hon. Allison O. Smith, presided. The Rockwell orchestra rendered a selection, after which Dr. Bender, of the Trinity M. E. church, made an invocation. Brief remarks of welcome were made by Harry A. Reed, of the Progress. This was followed by a response by the new secretary, Mr. Kester, after which Mr. Falmsbee, the physical director, outlined his plans for the winter

One of the charming features of the evening was the singing by the Boy's quartette. They were called back repeatedly. Mr. Sheeder also gave a number of selections on a victrola which he had placed in the building for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Kester are talented, charming people, and as the new secretary left a position of importance in the Central Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia to assume the duties of general secretary of the Clearfield association, his training well fits him for the duties of the growing work here. Mr. Falmsbee is talented along his particular line, and has given entire satisfaction. With the rapid growth of Clearfield, it is felt that Y. M. C. A. work should receive even better support that has been accorded it in the past. The spirit of hearty good-fellowship that filled the Y. M. C. A. last evening speaks well for the future work.

S. M. Mills Dead

S. M. Mills, formerly of Mill Hall, but who had been visiting his daughter, Mrs. W. F. Stover, on Fourth street, died Monday night, aged 89 years and ten days Besides Mrs. Stover, J. S. Mills, of Clearfield is among the surviving children

It is time to be thinking about those Xmas photos. Have the McDowell Studio make them for you. Nov. 21—24t.

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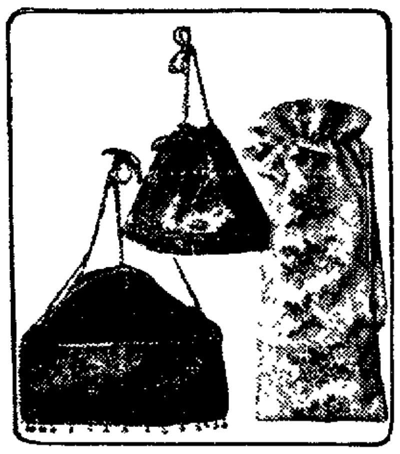
CHRISTMAS BAGS AND FANS ARE HANDSOME

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

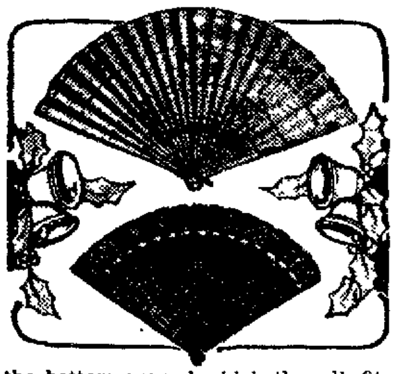
The immense variety in ribbons permits an unending variety in fancy bags, and they will play their usual prominent part at Christmas time. The rich brocades and heavy weaves in plain ribbons are used for opera bags and for the handsome shopping bags which city women find it convenient to carry with them when they have small purchases to make and intend carrying them home Ribbons in lighter weight, such as the Dresdens, in taffeta, which are found in so many beautiful designs, are chosen for all those bags that form accessories to the furnishings of the home Among these, those with flowered patterns on a plain silk ground having wide borders of gauze are the newest and most beautiful of the season's offerings Such a ribbon is shown here in the pretty corset bag pictured.

A new design in a shopping bag which may be made long enough to



answer for a music roll as well, is pictured. It is made of brown ribbon and a figured ribbon stitched together A narrow silver braid is placed over the stitching. The top of the bag is edged with the same braid and a little finish of silver ball trimming is placed along the bottom. The bag is not gathered at the top, but is provided with four cords by which it is held. It is laid in a few plaits at each side, held in place by an ornament made of the silver cord. A substantial ribbon is required for this novel design.

A collar bag of figured silk suitable as a gift to a man is provided with a pasteboard bottom, with sides two or three inches high. The lid of a round, oblong box is used for this foundation. It is covered with the silk A strip of silk ten inches wide forms the bag; one edge is sewed to



the bottom around which the silk fits smoothly. The upper edge is gathered on an elastic cord run in a casing in the hem Silver cord provides hangers and the bag is furnished with an ornament made of it at each side and a bit of silver braid outlining the support at the bottom. This is a convenience that any man will appreciate.

The fine art of Japan puts even the least expensive of Japanese fans in a class by themselves If one must look for gifts which have an artistic value to make them attractive, and at the same time may be had at a small price, the products of the Jap-

anese are more likely than any others to meet the requirements of fine taste Here is a little group of fans which illustrate this fact

A fan with white enamel sticks, finished out with gold, has a shaded ground in clear, beautiful blue, merging with white

Carved sandal wood makes a fan for a lifetime, which depends for ornamentation upon the way in which the sticks are cut out in a lace pattern They are held together by a narrow ribbon. The faint and delicious odor of the wood makes this a fan to treasure.

Nothing but a satin-like paper and brown wood sticks form the ground upon which some artist has distinguished himself in the last fan.

Such fans may be found ranging [illegible] from about [illegible] cents to $2

Woman's World

Mrs. John Purroy Mitchel, Wife of Gotham's Mayor Elect.

© 1913 by American Press Association

MRS JOHN PURROY MITCHEL

The election of John Purroy Mitchel brings his wife into great prominence as official chatelaine of the city of New York Mrs Mitchel who before her marriage to Mr Mitchel was a Boston girl, is the picture of a strong healthy outdoor woman, and she holds that every one could be healthy if he or she would take regular exercise She is particularly interested in swimming

The wife of the new mayor elect is also a strong champion of woman's suffrage and believes that in ten years hence women will have the ballot in New York state Although a suffragist, Mrs Mitchel took no active part in her husband's campaign She is more interested in the work of the woman's auxiliary of the board o[f] health, which is aiding in the fight to stamp out tuberculosis, than in the political game

In a recent interview Mrs Mitchel was asked whether she would insist upon her husband putting a ban on the slit skirt and the filmy sartorial effect Here her devotion to personal liberty came out

"Indeed, I would not!" she replied "This is a free country, and I believe that every one should be allowed to dress as she pleases Of course if any style should be too extravagant it would bring its own punishment. Women should dress so as to make themselves most attractive, and extravagant dress will not do that"

Mrs Mitchel alluded to the fact that she liked housekeeping and would not be content without her own home So the natural question was:

"If you like housekeeping, do you like cooking?"

"Shall I tell a lie or shall I tell the truth?" she replied with a charming little laugh "I'll say that I like to cook in camp, and camping is great I would like to spend two months in the woods that way every year All outdoor life is very attractive to me"

Incidental to her remarks about housekeeping, Mrs Mitchel spoke of the criticism often heard of the higher education of women Mrs Mitchel believes that the more highly developed a woman is intellectually the more helpful she can be as a wife "I am not a college woman myself, but I am sorry that I am not"

Handy Articles For Hall Rack.

Here are two adjuncts for the hat rack or hall stand, which may be cordially recommended as easily made and sure to be very useful One is a long handled shoehorn, to be used when putting on rubber overshoes, the other a shoe duster, which has a use all its own after a walk along dirty roads

The shoehorn is carved or whittled from some soft, light wood, with a handle long enough to enable one to use it in putting on or in taking off overshoes while standing erect The duster is made from strips of old flannel and woolen cloth cut into finger wide strips three inches long, wound round and round the handle of a discarded feather duster to form a thick soft tassel with which to flick one's shoes on entering the house

When you have given both these articles a fair trial you will never like to be without them

JACOBSON'S

New and Second Hand Furniture Store

Will save you money on all kinds of Furniture.

Come in and see the nice Furniture we have.

212 REED ST., CLEARFIELD, PENN'A

ROSS & WOODS : : ROSS & WOODS

DO YOUR HOLIDAY SHOPPING NOW!

ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF RAIN COATS

Men's $5.00 Children's $2, $3 and $3.50
Ladies' $5.00 Misses' $3 and $3.50

Orders taken for higher priced coats and delivery made in one week.

Assorted patterns of Axminster Rugs, sizes 27 by 54, at $1.98

SECOND SHIPMENT OF All Wool and Cotton Blankets

Gibbony All Wool Blankets $5.05 pair. Wool Nab Blankets $2 to $3 pair. Cotton Blankets 45c to $2.00 pair.

A new lot of Men's Leather Gloves, up to the minute line, good leather and well sewed, 50c, 59c, 75c and $1

ROSS & WOODS

Soul Winning in the Sunday School

Second Edition just out Price 40c postpaid

A HANDSOME GIFT BOOK

Address your publisher or the author Rev. O: B. Poulson, New Millport, Penn'a.

Geo. W. Johnson

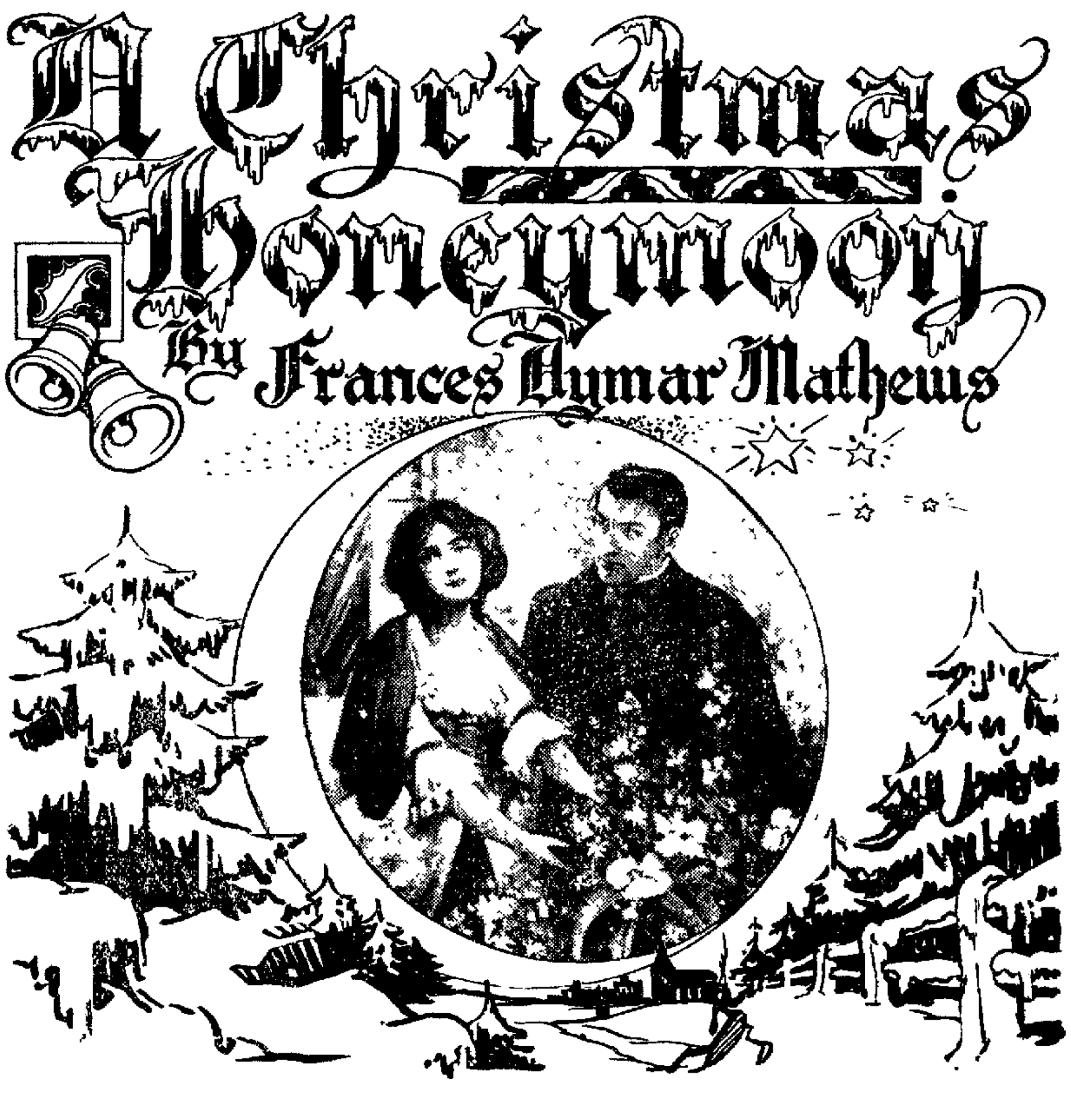
Sanitary Plumbing, Tinning, Heating and Ventilating.

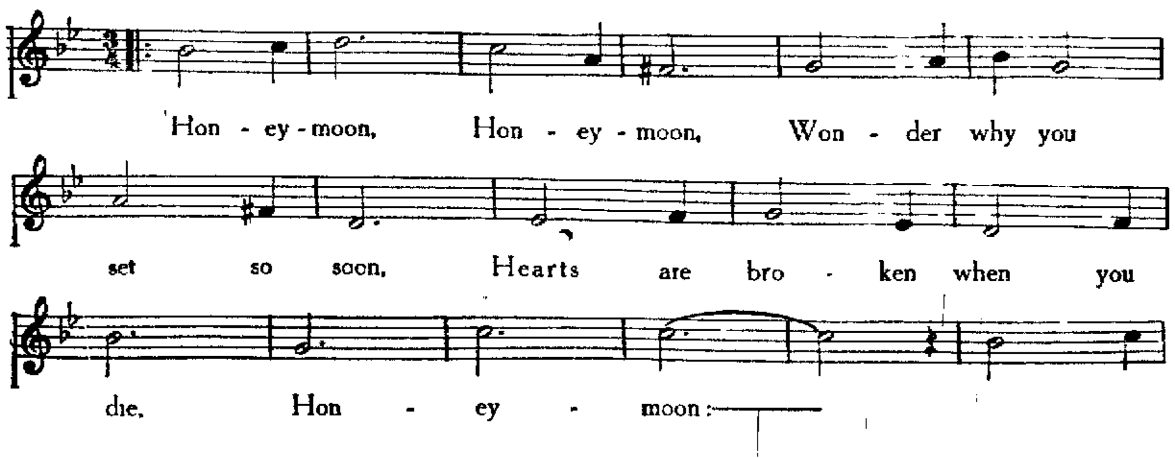
GIVE US A CALL

28 S. SECOND ST., CLEARFIELD, - PENN'A

The Progress Gives all the News

¶ Any consideration of a public library is complimentary to a community, showing, as it does, a sense of civic responsibility and a desire for future progress which are commendable.





Read Our New Christmas Serial
TO COMMENCE SOON. DO NOT MISS IT

Equipped With Every Facility

For handling accounts in a prompt and reliable manner—this bank solicits the business of corporations, firms and individuals.

If you have need for a satisfactory banking service---we can fill it, and also extend to you the protection of our Capital, Surplus and Stockholder's, Liability of over

$600,000.00

Clearfield National Bank
U. S. Depository

THE THRIFTY MAN IS ALWAYS AHEAD

HE is not absolutely dependent upon his pay envelope. He has money put away and when a chance to make some money by a timely purchase turns up, he is ready for it.

BE THRIFTY--Dollars are slippery things, they go through ones fingers before he knows it. The sure way is to open an account with us and the dollars are in a safe place and will not tempt you to spend them.

Clearfield Trust Company

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What Jean Found

Her Christmas Gift

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

It was Christmas eve, and Jean Loring stood in the library looking out between the holly wreaths at the snow drifting against the front steps with every gust of bitter wind. The arc light on the corner turned the flying flakes to black and yellow dots that made her eyes ache. Jean turned away and let the silken draperies cover the window.

She was very lonely in spite of many friends. She had no real home ties now. Her black gown bespoke the slaying away to rest of the last of her loved ones, her father, the one who had objected to her marriage with Denton King, the artist. Well, she had given him up, and Denton had married Maud Ridley, her dearest friend, and they had disappeared from New York.

"I must go out; it is stifling in here," she muttered, and, hastening upstairs,

"MAUD, MAUD! IS IT REALLY YOU?"

she buttoned herself into a warm fur cloak and pinned a fur trimmed hat on her brown hair.

"I am going out, Mary. You need not sit up for me," she said to her maid as she swept down the stairs.

Around the nearest corner, through the brilliantly lighted avenue, among the Christmas shoppers streaming uptown, evading the motorcars that snorted through the snow that by morning would be impassable, through another cross street, and on and on until all at once she found herself in a different neighborhood, an avenue as thickly populated as that other highway of wealth and fashion, but the shoppers here were of another class.

The women did not scorn to carry home a basket of groceries among the other Christmas purchases, and many a man carried a turkey or a chicken, duck or maybe a plain loin of pork for the Christmas dinner. Many others carried smaller bundles, the best that their means might afford, and still others, and of these there was a pitifully large number, carried nothing.

Men turned and looked at the richly gowned woman standing there on the corner. She wore no jewels, but there was a hint of wealth in the soft furs and in the elegance of her figure. She did not belong here.

Jean felt the rude scrutiny of strange eyes, and she turned into a little bakery to think connectedly for a moment. Her heart was swelling with desire to do some personal service at this season. She was about to speak to the woman behind the counter of the stuffy little shop when something happened that stilled the question on her lips.

A little boy came in, a poorly dressed little lad of ten years, with reddened fingers and thin, eager face, and blue eyes that looked hungrily at the loaves of bread and the piles of cookies and cakes behind the glass cases.

"Please," he said timidly—"please would you let me have a loaf of bread if I paid you tomorrow?"

The woman shook her head impatiently.

"Run along, now; 'tain't right to beg," she said sharply.

The boy turned away with a hopeless look in his face that struck to Jean's heart. She stepped forward and took his hand in her warm gloved one.

"Come with me," she said softly. "Let us go to another shop and buy some bread and other things."

"Oh, if you only would!" he cried happily. "I could pay you tomorrow I'm quite a big boy, and I could do some errands for you, maybe, and pay you that way."

"That will be lovely," said Jean. "Now, tell me where you live and what else you want to buy."

"I ought to tell you that we're poor," he faltered. "We couldn't afford to pay back very much. But mother would feel better if we had some tea, and bread is very nice and sweet, you know, even if there isn't any butter on it. Cherry cries for butter, but she's only a girl. Boys can get along without it!"

Jean's eyes were thick with tears.

"Let us go in here and buy the things you need and then you can pay me back if it takes all the year," she said practically. "What is your name?"

"Leon," he said.

"Here is a nice shop, Leon. See, they have cooked things to eat as well as bread and butter." Jean spoke to the proprietor of the delicatessen shop, and at her order the man produced a large basket, which he proceeded to fill with the things that Jean ordered, while Leon watched the proceeding with amazed eyes that grew frightened when he saw a roasted chicken added to the precious contents.

"Please, ma'am, it's beautiful, but it's more than I can pay for," he whispered at last.

"Oh, no, it isn't! You don't know how well I pay my errand boys," was Jean's encouraging answer.

After that the boy watched her with delighted eyes as oranges and nuts were added to the basket, and at last Jean said there was plenty, and she paid for it from a well filled purse.

"We must carry this together, Leon," she said. "Can you manage one side of the basket?"

"I'm sure I can," he said eagerly. "I'm glad you bought the doll for Cherry. Santa Claus might forget to come to our house."

They passed into the crowd on the sidewalk, and Leon guided Jean Loring up another block and around a corner and up the stairs of a dingy tenement house.

"This isn't a very nice place," he whispered apologetically. "We lived in nicer places before father went away. But it's the best mother can do, 'cause she doesn't get much for the 'broidery work, and grandfather didn't leave her any money, after all. Here we are—the door in the corner. We're going to have a better place some day," he added as he opened the shabby door that led into a bare little bedroom that smelled sweet and clean, whatever it might lack in furniture and other appointments.

A door led into the next room, a kitchen, where a woman sat at a sewing machine stitching listlessly at something that looked like a doll's dress. A lovely little girl of two years was curled up on a shabby sofa near the fire. The room was warm, but beyond the fire and the scrupulous cleanliness of the place there did not seem to be any other comforts. There was no hint of the approaching Christmas day. Everything spoke of poverty.

"That you, Leon?" asked the woman without turning her head. "You were gone a long time, dear. Did you get the bread and the milk?"

Leon hastened to her side.

"Mother, dear," he cried excitedly, "I lost the dime, and"—

"Leon!" cried the mother sharply. "It was the last cent I had in the world," she added in a quavering voice.

Leon's arms went around her neck. "Don't cry, dear," he whispered. "I did lose the money, but I found a Christmas angel, a Christmas friend, I mean, and she's going to let me work and pay her back for the good things. See her!"

Slowly the mother turned a face, stony with despair, the blood creeping in shame to her cheek at the thought of accepting charity. For an instant her eyes closed and then opened, dark and tragically beautiful, to meet the blue eyes of Jean Loring.

Jean spoke first, and there was a trace of bitterness mingled with the surprise and pity of her tone.

"Maud, Maud! Is it really you?"

And the beautiful society girl who had won Denton King's heart away from Jean Loring after all smiled wanly and promptly fainted away at Jean's feet.

The Christmas bells were ringing out a midnight peal when Jean Loring in a taxicab drove up to the door of her home. Alarmed servants were hovering in the hall when she entered, and they flew to do Jean's bidding when she entered with a frail, shabbily gowned woman, who was nevertheless a lady, and two beautiful, sleepy children.

"Are the rooms ready?" asked Jean, who had telephoned in advance of her coming.

"Yes, Miss Loring. The nursery fire is burning, and the blue room is ready."

After the children had been put to bed in the nursery, which was sacred to Jean's own childhood and had always been preserved in its original state, Maud King faced Jean in the luxurious warmth of the blue room. Her eyes were filled with tears, and her thin hands trembled.

"Jean, dear, you would not let me say a word all this while," she said firmly, "but now I must tell you of—things. Denton was successful for awhile, but he drank, and matters went from bad to worse. He borrowed from father without my knowledge and—well, father in a fit of anger changed his will and left everything to Benjamin and then before he could repent of his injustice father was stricken and died. I had nothing and you know what my brother is—a spendthrift. He gave me nothing and he has wasted his inheritance. Denton drank more than ever after that and it killed him. I've tried to support the children, with the result you have witnessed!" She threw out her hand with a despairing sob.

"Your home is here, Maud," whispered Jean, taking her in her arms. "I need a sister. I need little loving hands. I need your love and the love of your children. Will you stay and be my Christmas gift?"

And Maud's lips on her own was Jean's answer.

Good Form

Etiquette of Christmas Giving.

"In making Christmas gifts we should take many things into consideration. We must try to choose something that will give pleasure to the recipient and something of which she has not already more than enough. No one wants to send coals to Newcastle," says Florence Howe Hall.

"If, however, my friend is very fond of reading I may properly send her a book. Unless it is one recently published it is safer not to write the name on the flyleaf, as it may prove a duplicate.

"It is always more difficult to find a suitable gift for a rich than for a poor person, because the former usually has so many possessions of all kinds that a new object really becomes a burden. To a woman of this sort it is almost always safe to send flowers, since they give pleasure for a few days and can then be thrown away, or one can sometimes select a gift that pleases by its novelty or oddity.

"It is easier to find a present for a person who does not own a great many things, but the very fact that she has few possessions makes it important that these shall be good of their kind, so that here also pains must be taken to secure a suitable gift. We must beware, however, of giving useful and prosaic tokens of our regard to a friend of modest means if her taste lie in another direction. Margaret Deland has a delightful story of a woman to whom her friends gave a purse of money, hoping she would spend it on curing her smoking chimney. She did nothing of the sort, buying instead the blue silk dress for which she had longed all her life and inviting all her friends to a party. Few people enjoy receiving purely useful presents. Of course we have to make an exception in the case of good things to eat—turkeys and plum puddings—where we are dealing with those who are actually poor or whose position makes it proper to bestow on them things of this sort. Here again we must beware of making eleemosynary gifts to those who are on the border line between gentility and poverty. To your washwoman you may safely give a pair of chickens or mittens for her children without risk of offense. Your music teacher, who "has seen better days," may be poorer than your laundress, yet you would need to proceed with great delicacy—to feel your way, so to speak—before asking her to accept what she might consider as thinly disguised alms. In a word, she may have a proper pride which you are bound to respect, while you wish in some way to help her.

"Something must depend on the degree of friendship existing between you. We must not make intimate presents, as they may be called. Thus a rich woman who has delicacy of feeling does not give articles of clothing to poor friends without first asking whether she may do so. This would not apply to small and dainty accessories of the toilet, such as handkerchiefs, gloves and neckwear."

When Paying a Call.

Winter is the time of social formality, and as an expression of courtesy the call stands supreme. A formal call should be paid between the hours of 3 and 5:30 in the afternoon. You can readily see the reason for this, as a hostess must not be "caught napping," and the caller should give her time to finish any luncheon, nap or duties around the home, and at the same time a departure should be made that will enable the hostess to prepare for dinner.

It is permissible to make a morning call that is not entirely a social one. A call that has for its object a charitable task, the inquiry after the health of one in the household or the investigation of a servant's standing can be made at a convenient hour in the morning. Do not make a call of this character on the "at home" day, for this entertainment demands extra duties from the hostess, and she ought to be undisturbed. This type of call is not counted a social call and cannot be made to pay off any social debts.

If a friend has a special day on which she receives callers choose this by all means. The issuing of cards stating the day and the hour will make your calling list a very simple thing. Keep cards of this type and enter the facts in a little book.

If a bride is in her new home and has stated on her cards a social date it is discourteous to call before that time. She may not be prepared to receive visitors. Allow a reasonable length of time to elapse and make the first call. In a neighborhood where it is the custom to call on newly arrived residents there should be a comfortable time given to allow of a settling in the new home and an adjustment to one's surroundings.

An unmarried woman should call on a matron first, and a younger woman pays the first call on the older one without regard to the fact of the former's being married or single. The best thing to do is to acquaint yourself with the social customs of the city or country in which you reside.

Now there are some calls that are obligatory. If you have been bridesmaid or an attendant at a wedding you should call on the true hostess of the wedding reception, the mother of the bride. This should be done shortly after the wedding.

THE CULINARY ARTIST.

He First Brought Joy and Then Sorrow to His Employers.

Even subalterns sometimes seek in the joys of the palate compensations for deprivations on other fields. Thus on one occasion the chef of a restaurant car, finding himself, for some reason or other, stranded at an unlikely spot in India, offered his services to the officers of an isolated troop of English soldiers, who gladly seized the unlooked for chance. He asked high wages, but by clubbing together they managed to raise them. "Hang it all, if we can't have good theaters and good shops, let us at least have good food!" was the idea on which they acted.

For a time all went well, since the day contained at least one bright spot. But soon inconveniences set in. Reports of the Lucullian meals to be enjoyed at —— began to spread and simultaneously the number of inspections to increase alarmingly. High officers of all grades became suddenly seized with a burning zeal for the military progress of this particular troop and spent hours trotting it out in the morning and further hours administering judicious criticism over an excellent and prolonged dinner. Soon in their hearts the subalterns were cursing the day on which they had set eyes on the restaurant car chef, uncomforted by the magnificent tips which flowed not into their pockets but into that of the culinary artist. Presently they agreed that even good food can be purchased too dearly and quietly got rid of their paragon.—Cornhill Magazine.

TIPPING THE WAITER.

Come to Think of It, It Does Win One a Lot of Special Favors.

A New York hotel manager is reported as saying that "a tip is nothing else than a reward for special consideration. The question will never be solved as long as any man who asks for special service is in the habit of giving a reward for it."

An eminently sane proposition, says the New York Evening Post. See, for instance, what special service and special consideration the citizen of New York obtains by tipping the waiter. When the customer sits down the waiter refrains from whisking the chair out from under the customer and letting him fall to the floor, as the waiter might very easily do. When he brings in the soup he brings it in a plate instead of a bottle. Who would grudge a small tip for being spared the humiliation of pouring soup out of a bottle? And in so many other ways which the reader can enumerate for himself, the waiter puts himself out to make the diner comfortable. He refrains from sprinkling sugar over the roast beef and putting olive oil into the ice cream. Between courses he does not sit down to his own meal. If the diner happens to be in the company of a lady the waiter will abstain from disparaging remarks about her complexion. As for the coatroom boy, what is to prevent him from playing football with your hat, except the special consideration due a distributer of tips?

Queer Prisoners.

In the seventies of the last century life in Montenegro was not complex. A traveler relates: "At that time the adult male population was away fighting, and at times there was no one to spare to guard the inmates of the prison when out for exercise. One of them would then be given the rifle and take over the duty. Prisoners also were sent with messages. One went down to Cattaro, in Austrian territory, with 3,000 florins for the banker there, and faithfully delivered the money and was back in prison at night. Another Montenegrin begged a Russian in Cattaro to intercede for his release from prison. "But you are not in prison," said the Russian. "Oh, yes, I am. I have only come here for a load of skins and must go back."

Writing Music.

There is reason to regard the Hindus and the Chinese as in possession of some form of musical notation. The Greeks had a system of writing music, but its comprehension evades us. The Latin notation was, like that of the Greeks in this one particular, alphabetic. A generally accepted tradition credits St. Gregory with the reduction of the scale to the octave and the naming of the seven notes, a service which has commonly won for him the credit of the invention of the art of writing music.—New York Sun.

Improving the Backbone.

Although the following sounds like an Irish pun, it is credited to an American clergyman:

"Patriotism is the backbone of the United States," quoth the minister.

His congregation nodded a silent approval.

"And what we have to do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."—Boston Herald.

Smart Dog.

"Which is the smarter, the dog or the horse?"

"No comparison. The dog is the wise one."

"How do you make that out?"

"You know how the horse works. Did you ever see a dog working for a living?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

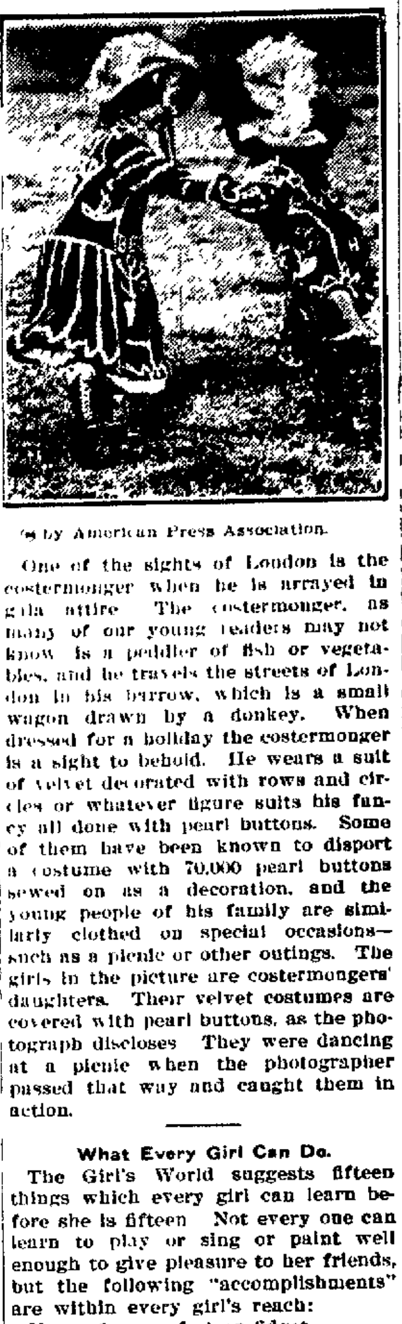
The Proper Training.

A man may be able to make money with a common school education, but his son must have a college education to know how to spend it.—Washington Herald.

Pluck is always trying to forget that it was beaten yesterday.

For the Children

London Coster Girls Enjoying an Outing.



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One of the sights of London is the costermonger when he is arrayed in gala attire. The costermonger, as many of our young readers may not know, is a peddler of fish or vegetables, and he travels the streets of London in his barrow, which is a small wagon drawn by a donkey. When dressed for a holiday the costermonger is a sight to behold. He wears a suit of velvet decorated with rows and circles or whatever figure suits his fancy all done with pearl buttons. Some of them have been known to disport a costume with 70,000 pearl buttons sewed on as a decoration, and the young people of his family are similarly clothed on special occasions—such as a picnic or other outings. The girls in the picture are costermongers' daughters. Their velvet costumes are covered with pearl buttons, as the photograph discloses. They were dancing at a picnic when the photographer passed that way and caught them in action.

What Every Girl Can Do.

The Girl's World suggests fifteen things which every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within every girl's reach:

Never fuss or fret or fidget.

Never keep anybody waiting.

Shut the door, and shut it softly.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Always know where your things are.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Be patient with the little ones, as you wish your mother to be with you.

Never let the day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

The girl who has thoroughly learned all this might be called "a mistress of arts."

The Weathercocks.

Any number of players may take part in this game, which is really good fun.

The four corners of the room are named after the four points of the compass, north being diagonal to west; the rest are weathercocks. The latter should stand in a line in the center of the room. When the wind points to one corner, calling out the name of that direction, the weathercocks must immediately face the opposite direction. Thus if the wind says south they face north, and so on. If he should name a point they are already facing they must remain perfectly still.

When the wind cries "Variable," the vanes must raise themselves to their toes and sway back and forth until the name of one of the cardinal points is again called, when, as before, they turn to the opposite point.

Whenever the wind shouts "Storm" or "Tempest," each vane must whirl completely around three times. Any player failing to observe any of these orders, which are more confusing than they sound, must forfeit some article, such as a handkerchief, hair ribbon or trinket, to be redeemed by a humorous "stunt" after the game is over.

Arrowheads.

The Indian art of making arrowheads is being practiced by white men, who use them for commercial purposes and sell them as old and genuine.

The flint is not chipped with stone or metal, as you may have imagined, but with water.

An Indian wishing to make an arrowhead held a piece of flint in fire until it was sizzling hot, then allowed a drop of water to drip from a stick upon the spot he wished to chip away. The sudden cooling made the flint chip off at once.

The only cunning necessary in the art was the shaping of the arrowhead, and so it was not so difficult a thing as most white men imagine.

Dolly's Bedtime.

My dolly is very sleepy—
She ought to go straight to bed.
Her lovely blue eyes are blinking;
She's nodding her golden head.
But she's such a dear little dolly
I think I will let her stay
Until grampa throws down his paper
And carries us both away.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1913.

COMING EVENTS.

County Institute, Dec. 15-19.

Reception to new secretary of Y. M. C. A. Dec 9, at 8 P. M.

Good evening! You don't see your name among the contributors to the Clearfield hospital, do you? Why not?

A PENROSE EPIGRAM.

In discussing the probable candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, that he is preparing to nominate, Senator Penrose recently said: "It's the man, not the money." Senator Penrose has been in the business of choosing the Republican candidates for governor in the past quarter of a century, and he has made it plain that the character of the man selected was a small thing so long as the man obeyed the commands of the gang. After the man had been elected it was an easy matter for Penrose to use him in the interests of the machine.

Senator Penrose is at present posing as a reformer. He seeks to fool the people into believing that he is sincere in his statement that he is willing to permit the voters of the Republican party to nominate the candidates for governor and United States senator. He has gone so far as to say that he is glad the voters have a chance to select their candidates at the primaries, instead of these candidates being chosen by Penrose or the Penrose-owned members of the state legislature. But Penrose is a hypocrite and pines for the return of the old days when the gang ruled the state and named its own candidates for office.

The people know that Penrose will present for the consideration of the voters of the Republican party a man for governor, who, if elected, will do what Penrose asks him to do. Penrose is not a reformer. He is not sincere in his expressions of indorsement of the popular will. He cares not who the man is who becomes the candidate for governor, so long as that man wears the Penrose collar. We cannot believe that the voters of Pennsylvania will place faith in Penrose's professions of reform, and at this time it looks as if Penrose's candidate for governor will be defeated and his own ambition to succeed himself will be doomed to disappointment.

LACK OF CIVIC PRIDE.

Industrially and commercially Clearfield will rank with any other town of its size in the state and leads many other municipalities of much larger population. In the matter of buildings for homes or business Clearfield has made great strides in the past ten years. In other things which go to make up thriving, progressive town Clearfield has nothing to be ashamed of, but in the matter of cleanliness there is a lack of civic pride among the citizens which is the cause of surprise among strangers and not at all pleasing to those who are working for a bigger and better Clearfield.

We do not think that the citizens are indifferent to the conditions which exist here. We do not imagine that the citizens take pride in seeing the principal streets of the town littered with old paper, rubbish and dotted with mud holes The people of Clearfield are intelligent and possess much more than the average amount of wealth. They take delight in providing themselves with beautiful homes and lawns and are pleased when strangers speak of Clearfield the beautiful. But what of the streets littered with rubbish?

Dirty pavements, filthy alleys, rubbish-covered grass plots and other evidences of the lack of civic pride can be explained away only upon the supposition that there is a lack of leadership in the movement for a cleaner Clearfield. We make no doubt that if there were to be a meeting of the citizens at which this matter of cleanliness were to be thoroughly discussed the result would be beneficial, not only to the town, but to the people who now fail to realize the true conditions in Clearfield.

The chauffur who runs an automobile while he is drunk deserves to be sent to the place where intoxicating liquors are not dispensed.

How many wayward boys and young men learn a lesson from the proceedings of the criminal court?

Looks as if it had been only a bluff of old winter, after all.

The Democrats in congress threaten to take the tax off oleomargarine. That would be blunder No. 7, on the part of the party which promised to reduce the high cost of living through the passage of a tariff bill.

When a boy offers to sell a fairly good bicycle for three dollars the transaction has the earmarks of suspicion.

VILLA DEFENDED BY GEN. CARRANZA

Governor Hunt of Arizona Gives Out Letter From Rebel Chief.

EXECUTIONS WERE JUSTIFIED

Tells Why Rebels Shot Federal Officers Captured In Juarez—"Calm and Severe Justice," His Motto—Clemency Exhausted, and to Fight Is Only Open Course, He Says.

Phenix, Ariz., Dec. 10.—A letter from General Venustiano Carranza defending the execution by General Francisco Villa of federal officers captured at Juarez and telling why bloody reprisals were being visited by the revolutionists upon federal prisoners of war has been given out by Governor Hunt of Arizona. The letter was in reply to a communication which Governor Hunt sent to the Constitutionalist leader suggesting that a continuation of summary executions by insurgent commanders would horrify the people of the United States and alienate their sympathy.

Carranza in his letter says:

"While recognizing with pleasure the spirit of frank friendship which actuated your letter, I cannot the less deplore the fact that with an imperfect understanding of the peculiar character of the Mexican problems there is likelihood in certain quarters of placing a wrong construction on some of our acts.

"With strict deference to the law provided the Huertista officers were tried and executed in the city of Juarez. Among them were some who had been captured at Torrean by this same General Villa, who after pardoning them agreed that they should be enlisted by our forces. Thereafter they endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to create a defection of the men whom I entrusted to their command, finally deserting to re-engage in crime.

"It is true that the established principles observed in international wars extend to prisoners the privilege of pardon or immunity from bodily harm, but in civil struggles the most civilized nations in all ages have employed more rigorous and bloody means even than we have been compelled to adopt."

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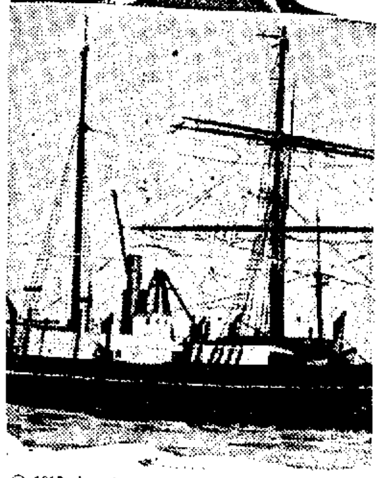
VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Arctic Explorer and Vessel Karluk, Which Was Blown Away by Severe Winds.



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Somewhere within the confines of the arctic circle drifts Vilhjalmur Stefansson's stanch little vessel, the Karluk, frozen in an ice pack. But the leader of the expedition is not with his vessel and is unaware of its whereabouts, according to a dispatch received from the explorer himself. Stefansson's message states that, believing the Karluk safe in the ice in longitude west 147, fifteen miles off shore, he took a party ashore to hunt. The next day heavy gales sprang up and then a fog. When the weather cleared the Karluk was not in sight and undoubtedly had been carried away by the wind.

GLYNN HOPEFUL FOR ACTION ON MEASURE

Wants Two Important Bills Passed Immediately.

Albany, Dec. 10.—Governor Glynn is hopeful that his workmen's compensation bill and the primary measure will pass the New York legislature late this week. He bases this hope upon telegrams received from legislators, who did not come to Albany for the opening of the session, assuring him that they would be on hand when the measures come up for a vote.

Because of the press of business at the capitol Governor Glynn was forced to decline an invitation to the dinner of the Honest Ballot association. The governor sent the association a telegram.

"I feel that you yourselves would wish me to remain in Albany while the fight for a better ballot is in progress," the telegram said. "While you are meeting to discuss the progress made in the good fight your representatives at the capitol are trying to give the state a law which will make every ballot an honest ballot and, what is more, an intelligent ballot. You can rest from this struggle. We at Albany are still on the firing line.

"The need of the present is education—not education in the three R's, but in the three P's—principle, persistence and patriotism. Belief in the betterment of one's fellowmen, hope and courage that prevail over all obstacles, a generous love of country—these three will solve every problem the republic must meet."

DR. CRAIG SET FREE BY THE TRIAL JUDGE

Acquitted on Charge of Killing Woman Physician.

Shelbyville, Ind., Dec. 10.—Dr. William B. Craig, dean of the Indiana Veterinary college, was acquitted of the charge of murdering Dr. Helene Knabe, a woman physician, in her apartments in Indianapolis on Oct. 23, 1911.

After a trial lasting since Nov. 28, and with only the state's evidence presented, a motion of the defense to take the case away from the jury and direct a verdict of not guilty was granted by Judge Blair.

Judge Blair held that the state had introduced no evidence to show that Dr. Craig murdered Dr. Knabe.

"I recognize the unusual procedure of taking a case of such magnitude from the jury," said the court, "but I have gone through the evidence and find that the state failed to support the charge.

"The state also failed to show that a marriage contract existed between the defendant and Dr. Knabe. So far as the evidence shows, their relations were pure. His automobile rides with her and other attentions were merely acts of kindness."

Judge Blair laid stress on the fact that both Arnold Moore, who saw a mysterious peeper at Dr. Knabe's bedroom window, and Harry Haskell, who encountered a man running from the slain woman's apartments on the night of the crime, could not positively identify Dr. Craig as the man whom they saw. Evidence of Dr. Craig's nervousness following the murder whenever he met Miss Augusta Knabe, a cousin of the dead woman, should have no weight, Judge Blair told the jury.

Bread In Spain.

Bread is the Spanish workingman's staff of life and the average daily consumption is a pound per head.

MISS JESSIE M'CANN.

Wealthy New York Girl Disappeared In Manner Similar to Dorothy Arnold.

© 1913, by American Press Association.

The disappearance of Miss Jessie Evelyn McCann from her luxurious home in New York city was equally as mysterious as that of Dorothy Arnold, who was swallowed up by the earth three years ago and who has never been seen nor heard of since. Miss McCann is a pretty and attractive girl, and her parents, together with the police of New York and surrounding cities, are making tireless efforts to get some clew that will lead to her discovery. This is a typical picture of the missing girl. In the lower picture is shown Miss Arnold as she appeared on the day of her disappearance three years ago.

Australian Crawfish.

The crawfish, which may be described as a fresh water lobster, usually lives a purely aquatic life and keeps to the river bed. Some of the crawfish found in Australia, however, have forsaken the water and excavate burrows in damp soil. The tunnel leading to the heart of the burrow is free from water, but water is always present in the chambers at the end where the crawfish lives. They do much damage to artificial water courses in the mining districts by riddling the banks and dams.

Sacrificed to the Nile.

The ancient Egyptians, if they did not worship the river Nile, held it in great veneration and even dread. The Nile had its appointed priests, festivals and sacrifices, and if its rising was delayed for a single day a beautiful young girl was thrown into its waters and drowned in order to appease the god's anger and secure his favors.

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Alice Lemon has returned from a visit to friends in Lumber City.

Mr. and Mrs William Bigler will spend the week-end with friends in Pittsburgh.

Thos. V. Bowen, editor of the Mahaffey Times, was a business visitor in town Tuesday evening.

A. M. Bloom, the Penfield hotel man, was in town on business today.

Postmaster Lowell, of Penfield was a visitor to Clearfield today.

W. F. Coppe, of Patton, registered at the Demeling today.

R. H. Martin, of Ridgway, was in town yesterday.

W. H. Denlinger, Jr., of Patton, well known in Clearfield, was recently operated upon at the Spangler hospital for throat trouble.

Miss Ellen Anderson, of DuBois, is visiting friends in Clearfield.

Miss Helma Vickland, of DuBois, who has been the guest of friends in Clearfield, has returned to her home.

On Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 3, Mrs. William Cox, of Dorey street, East End, sumptuously entertained the Ladies Society of the B. of L. F. & E., of which she is a member. May we enjoy many more afternoons like that one. Secretary.

O. Bruce Porter, Dr. W. S. Piper, Dr. R. W. Livingston and R. M. Reed were visitors to Curwensville on Tuesday night, where they attended Masonic lodge and a banquet. It was installation night and these gentlemen assisted in the installing of the newly elected officers of the Curwensville lodge.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Hugh McCullough to Andrew Gulland in Burnside township. $1.

James Stald, to Agnes Duch, land vers, land in DuBois $250.

Franklin Edgar Hoch to Blanche Dall, land in Mahaffey. $1.

Just in at William F. Powell's Hardware store on Second street a fine assortment of the "Pure Aluminum 1892 Ware", most acceptable as Christmas gifts. Come in and see "The Ware that Wears."

Doctors Endorse

If we did not believe doctors endorsed *Ayer's Cherry Pectoral* for coughs and colds, we would not offer it to you.

Sold for 70 years.

Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

The first meeting of the Bridge club for the benefit of the Hospital will be held at the residence of R. C. Wright on Thursday, Dec. 11, at 2 o'clock. After the meetings will be every alternate Friday. All persons wishing to join will please send their names in early. 6t. Dec. 2.

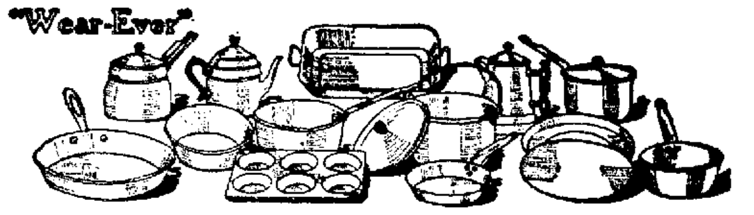
A Hospital Benefit.

Thursday evening, December 11, the first meeting of the Bridge club, which will play for the benefit of the Clearfield hospital, will be held at the residence of R. C. Wright, play to begin at 2 o'clock. All persons interested in the hospital are urged to be present. After this week the club will meet on alternate Fridays during the winter.

You will find all kinds of useful gifts for Christmas at William Powell's Hardware store. Why not be a Spug?

Miss Florence Stone in "A Girl of the Underworld" at the opera house Friday night. Seats on sale Thursday Prices 10-20-30-50 cents.

"Wear-Ever"



ALUMINUM WARE

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that **"Wear-Ever"**

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Ware saves fuel and time because it heats evenly and quickly.

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Ware is seamless, can not rust, can not chip or scale, cannot taint food, is easily kept clean.

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Utensils cut down labor and time and money so fast that if you once use one you will soon have a whole **"Wear-Ever"** kitchen.

May we send you a booklet, the **"Wear-Ever"** kitchen which explains how to improve your cooking? Free upon request.

SPECIAL. To acquaint you with the Wear-Ever line, a one quart handled Sauce Pan regularly selling at 45c for 30c while the stock lasts.

Telephone Orders Given Prompt Attention.

Clearfield Hardware Co.

125 Market Street, Clearfield, Penn'a

NEW OPERA HOUSE

TONIGHT

The Angell Stock Company

PRESENTING

"Thorns and Orange Blossoms"

The Great Society Drama in 4 Acts

PRICES 10c, 20c and 30c

To-Morrow Night—"Her Marriage Vow"

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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A. W. LEONARDSON CO. | 229—231 MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD | A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

EVERY spot in the store is bright and "Christmassy" and during the next two weeks your plans are our plans more than ever. In its merchandise and its service you will find that this store is better equipped than ever before to be of greater service to you in aiding you in Christmas preparation. ¶ Every family, large or small, rich or poor, has its own holiday problems. We aim to help in the solution of each. We invite you to came and look at your pleasure without feeling that by so doing you are placing yourself under the slightest obligation, make yourself at home, it is your store, as well as ours.

CHRISTMAS RIBBONS

EVERY WANTED KIND

Taffata single faced satin or double faced satin Ribbons in all shades and widths. Morie Ribbons for sashes, hair bows or fancy work, pink, light blue, copen, French, and navy blue, white, red, emerald and American beauty. 25c to 50c a yard

Dresden Ribbons, used extensively for fancy work, hair bows and sashes. 25c to $1.35 a yard Plain or Roman stripe Ribbons a beautiful collection, extremely popular. 25c to 75c a yard.

A large assortment of beautiful fancy ribbons in all the popular shades. for girdles, fancy bags, and the like. Shades are mahogany, emerald, French blue, navy and black. 25c and 50c a yard.

Plain and brocaded velvet ribbons in all the popular shades, from the baby widths to the girdle width. 10c to $1.00 a yard.

CHRISTMAS LINENS.

36x36 in., H. S. and scalloped Linen cloths, 75c to $2.50.

45x36 in. H. S. and scalloped Linen cloths, $1.00 to $3.50.

54x54 in. H. S. and scalloped Linen Cloths, $2.00 to 6.50.

15x15 H. S. French napkins, $3.25 to $5.00 dozen.

45 in. scalloped lunch sets with ½ doz. napkins, 15x15 to match, $4.50 and $5.50 set.

72x72 round scalloped separate cloths, $3.75.

72x72 Pattern cloths, $2.50, $2.95 and $3.75 each.

Pattern Cloths With Napkins.

72x90 pattern cloths $3.95, napkins at $4.50 a doz.

81x81 pattern cloths with napkins to match, $14.00 set.

Special Xmas. Prices on Table Linens By the Yard.

90c all linen cream damask, Xmas price, 79c yd.

90c all linen bleached damask, Xmas price, 79c yd.

$1.00 all linen bleached damask, Xmas. price, 89c. yd.

$1.25 all linen silver bleached damask, Xmas. price $1.00.

$1.75 all linen bleached damask, Xmas. price, $1.25.

$3.25 all linen bleached, 86 in. wide, $2.75.

$2.00 " " " 72 " " 1.48

Bleached Napkins, by the dozen, 50c to 5.00

CHRISTMAS LINENS.

H. S. Guest Towels with monogram space 19c

H. S. and Scalloped Guest towels 14x22 25c

H. S. and embroidered Guest towels 50c

H. S. Linen Huck towels with fancy borders and monogram space 25c up to $2.00 each.

45x36 emb. pillow cases 25c each

45x36 emb. pillow cases ready boxed $1.00 pair

45x36 H. S. Linen Cases $1.25 to $2.75 a pair.

45x36 Emb. Linen cases $4.00 and $4.50 a pair.

90x100 H. S. Linen Sheets $9.75 and $12.50 a pair.

7 and 12 in. plate doilies 50c up to 89c each

20 in. cluny lace edge doilies at $2.00

Linen Torchon lace edge center pieces 50c to 1.50

Battenberg squares and scarfs 1.00 to 2.50

45 in. Battenberg Table covers 1.75 to 4.00

Drawn work squares 50c to 4.50

18x50 in. Dresser scarfs special at 25c

H. S. emb. and lace trimmed scarfs 50c to $2.50

27x84 Piano scarfs $3.50 to $6.50

CHRISTMAS BED SPREADS

Beautiful assortments of Fringed and scalloped quilts $2.25 to $6.50

Marseille patterns $1.50 to $2.00

HOLIDAY JEWELERY.

Ingersol Watches	$1.00 to 2.00
Shirt Waist sets	25c to 7.50
Baby and Beauty Pins	25c to 50c
Bar Pins. Broaches, etc.	25c to 1.00
Men and Womens cuff links	25c to 50c
Bracelets, Lockets, Necklaces	25c to $2.00
Men's Tie pins and clasps	25c to $1.00
Coin purses and chains	25c to 50c
Mesh Bags, Vanity cases etc.	50c to $2.00

CHRISTMAS SALE FURS

FUR COATS - FUR MUFFS - FUR SCARFS

The warmer weather during the fur selling weeks this season has left our fur stock unusually large. To reduce stocks to normal and to induce lively buying of furs for Xmas presents, we have sacrificed profits, and bring rich, warm, stylish furs to you at wholesale and less just when you are most interested.

$45.00 Blk. Pony Coats, 45 in. now $29.75

$50.00 Blk. Pony Coats, deep shawl collar now $39.50

$65.00 Blk. Pony Coats, Fur collars and cuffs now $47.50

$85.00 Blk. Pony Coats, deep shawl collar now $67.50

$95.00 Blk. Pony Coat, deep shawl collar now $75.00

$100.00 Blk. Pony Coat, Blk. Fur collar and cuff now $77.50

$75.00 Marmot Coat, deep shawl collar now $57.50

$100.00 Marmot Coat, Beaver collar and cuffs now $77.50

150.00 Hudson Seal collar and cuffs civit cat now 95.00

Childrens Fur sets From 1.50 up to 10.00

Misses Fur Sets From 5.00 up to 16.50

Ladies' Neck pieces From 2.50 up to 45.00

Ladies' Muffs From 2.50 up to 65.00

Xmas Handkerchiefs

Child's Handkerchiefs, 3 in box, 19c box

Child's colored border and initial, 25c box.

Women's handkerchiefs, white and colored initial 25c each.

Women's White Emerald lawn H. S. 10c to 50c each.

Women's all linen, embroidery and lace corner, 25c to 50c each.

Women's Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs, 3 in box, special $1.00 box.

Women's Sheer Linen Handkerchief's, 2 inch hem, 25c to 50c

Men's Linen Handkerchiefs 10c to 50c

Men's Linen Initial Narrow hem 25c each.

Sealpackerchief Handkerchiefs, all linen, neatly boxed, a dozen or more styles 10c to 50c a box.

Xmas Novelties

Lady Dainty Ribbon effects 25c to 50.

Toilet sets, comb, brush and mirror, 98c to $7.95 set.

Jewel and Ring boxes, gold or silver, 48c to $2.50 each.

Dainty Clocks in Ivory and brass, 50c to $5.00

Inlaid Silver Dishes, etc., 50c to $2.75.

Men's women's and children's manicure sets, $1.50 to $8.50.

Powder puff jars, special at 25c ea.

Mens' smoking sets $1.98 to $3.98.

Baskets

Sweet grass novelty and work baskets 25c to $1.25.

Sandwich trays waste and flower baskets $1.25 to $2.50.

Xmas Neckwear, Stationary, Boxes, Seals, Etc.

Beautiful Xmas Neckwear.

Jabots in shadow lace, net and batist- 25c to 75c.

Irish crochet collars and jabots $1.25 to $5.00.

Dolly Varden collars with frill 50c to $1.00.

Plain white net, fischu effects, 59c to $1.50.

Shadow lace collars, with fine edge, 75c to $1.50.

White and colored Maline Ruffs, $1 to $2.00.

Plain and fancy Boudoir caps 69c to 89c.

Tourist Cases

Wash cloth cases 25c to 50c

Art Licking and Silk Covered Cases; 50c to $2.00.

Xmas Slippers

A sample lot felt Juliets, not all sizes, colors black, brown and red, fur and ribbon trimmed, $1.00 quality for 79c. $1.50 quality for $1.19.

Womens' and children's overgaiters, black and colors, sale price 25c and 50c a pair.

Leather Goods

Hand bags and purses 25c to $10.00.

Men's bill books and purses 25c to $2.00.

Leather Pullman Slippers in case, $1 pair.

Toilet Articles

Full line of Hudnuts, Colgates, and Wm. Brown perfumes, toilet water, and sachet, each boxed in handsome Xmas boxes, 25c to $2.00 each.

Xmas Stationary, Etc.

Xmas stationery and correspondence cards 15c to $1.00.

$1.00 Leather bound Xmas books special 59c

Xmas post cards and letters 10c a doz, to 5c each.

Xmas boxes assorted sies 5c and 10c each.

Red Cross Seals for sale here.

Xmas Hosiery and Gloves

Men's "Gordon" dye silk or cashmere hose, linen heel and toe 25c and 50c.

Silk lisle sox, 4 pair to box, special $1.00 box.

Men's fancy silk hose plain colors, 2 pairs to box, colors black, tan gray and navy, Xmas box $1.00.

Men's Neckwear

Silk knit ties in choice assortment of patterns. Boxed for $1.00.

Men's silk ties, plain colors, choice 50c.

Men's Suspenders

Men's silk suspenders, plain, Xmas box, 98c.

Men's Xmas suspenders fancy Xmas box, 25c.

Men's Xmas suspenders burnt wood box 50.

Men's suspender and hose supporter in fancy Xmas box. Special at 59c a box.

Xmas Gloves

Men's kid gloves in fancy Xmas folder $1.50.

Ladies' kid gloves in fancy Xmas folder $1.00, $1.50.

Children's kid gloves in fancy folder 50c to $1.00.

Ladies' 16 button white kid gloves at $2.50, $3.50.

Xmas Hosiery

Ladies' Gordon hose, 4 in box, $1.00 box.

Children's Gordon hose, 4 in box, $1.00 box.

Infant's wool hose, 4 in box, $1.00 box.

Ladies' silk hose, fancy box, 50c, $2.25.

A. W. LEONARDSON CO. 229-231 MARKET ST.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Hind's Head Tapestry

Story of a Christmas Eve Wedding

By CLARISSA MACKIE

A pale shaft of sunlight slanted through the mullioned window and fell upon Lady Rosamond's curly head, brightening the bronze tresses into a crown of gold. She smiled scornfully as she watched her uncle pacing angrily up and down the long room. Now he paused before the fire and looked steadily at the glowing logs.

"If your Cousin Robert gives you back your troth, what then?"

Her voice was unwavering. "Do not try to shake my faith in Robert. I am as sure of his love as I am positive that were I married to Broadmeadow and his gold wiped out the debt upon our acres within a twelvemonth you would gamble it away again."

"Hold, minx!" shouted the earl angrily. "The lad's own hand will shake your faith in that tricksy soldier, I warrant!" He held before her unwilling gaze a sheet of paper which bore Robert Southley's seal on its broken edge. She read with whitening face:

Dear Broadmeadow—This to inform you that I will part with my lady for a hundred guineas provided you do not change your mind before this reaches you, for she's a deceitful jade and full of humors. I tell you plainly I am thankful to be rid of her, and I have other plans. My cousin Dourley will settle the matter with you, and I am writing him by this post. Y'r obed't serv't, ROBERT SOUTHLEY.
London, ye 15 day of Nov'r, 1745.

Lady Rosamond stood in her bedchamber, her face pressed against the casement, looking out into a world of cold, gray skies and naked, brown trees. A stable lad led a black mare slowly up and down before the terrace. She was a splendid creature with long, clean cut limbs and a trick of tossing her head suddenly that now and then lifted the lad off his feet. He

HE LOOKED AT HER WITH SUSPICION.

tugged at the halter, and the mare pranced and curveted and arched her satin neck and snorted disdainfully.

"Whoa, my lady!" shouted the lad, clinging to the bit as his feet cleared the ground once more.

Lady Rosamond pushed wide the casement and leaned out. "Ho, lad!" she called sharply.

He looked up and awkwardly touched his forelock.

"What name do you give the mare?" she asked.

"'Tis Ladybird, my lady," replied the blushing youth. "Mr. Robert calls her 'My Lady' sometimes," he added, as a heavenly smile broke over the sad little face at the lattice.

She spoke again, carelessly, though her sweet voice trembled.

"Oh, 'tis the mare Squire Broadmeadow wishes to buy, eh?"

"Yes, my lady."

She threw a coin to the grinning lad and, closing the lattice, she broke into angry sobs.

"I knew Robert was true to me, but what a scurvy trick to play on a simple girl! How could I know, the message was so deceiving? That careless Robert, and, oh, the tricksters, to try to befool me!"

She pondered long and earnestly before she stole down to the great stone flagged room where the earl kept his private accounts and bullied his long suffering tenants. She dipped a quill into the huge ink pot and covered several sheets with her angular writing. She printed a kiss on Robert's name as she folded the missive, and there was a gleam of mischief in her brown eyes as she sealed it with the earl's private seal, which by some mischance lay upon the table. She addressed the letter carefully and, when the ink had dried, shook the sand from it and, hiding it in her bosom, flew up the wide stairs to her room. Robert was in London, and London was fifty miles away. The London coach would pass the park gates the next day; but, even if delivered to the coachman, something might prevent its safe delivery. Oh, for a trusty messenger!

That evening the earl sent for her and when she entered his library he looked with surprise upon the docility of her manner.

"Well, lass," he said gayly, "wilt stop this silly nonsense and wed Broadmeadow at Yuletide?"

"I will be wed at Christmas," she replied meekly, with downcast eyes.

Two days dragged by, and no chance arose to send her message to Robert.

Then one morning as she lingered near the highroad she heard the rumble of the approaching coach, and, wrapping her furred cloak closely about her, she sped into the road and held up her missive together with a silver coin. A postilion swooped from his saddle and snatched both coin and letter, and the coach thundered on toward London.

The wedding had been set for Christmas evening, and the preparations for the bridal and the Yuletide feast went on apace. Christmas eve dawned gray and cold. Lady Rosamond crept around in her old brown velvet gown, a sorry little figure.

She wandered aimlessly from room to room, and then at twilight she slipped into a warm cloak, called her woman and stepped into the fast gathering dusk.

She walked slowly down the avenue beneath the naked boughs of the oaks. Near the gate a crone was gathering fagots, her wild, gray locks streaming in the wind.

"May your ladyship's wedding day be bright," she cackled shrilly, with a courtesy.

"Thank you, Goody," murmured Lady Rosamond sadly, drawing a coin from her pocket.

As her hand touched the woman's she felt a firm, warm pressure that sent the blood singing to her heart. A glance from ardent dark eyes sparkling beneath the gray thatch of wig hurried the blushes back to her pale cheeks, and, with an apprehensive glance at her handmaid, she thrust a twisted note into her pocket. The yawning abigail was gazing idly across the valley and started as her young mistress plucked at her sleeve. The crone had hobbled away, and the two women walked swiftly back to the castle.

A few minutes later Lady Rosamond was reading the folded bit of paper from her lover's hand. She sobbed over the precious words of love and hope that it contained, and her flagging spirits revived with the knowledge that all would be well with her, for one unbidden guest kept watch beyond the castle gates until the time appointed.

The next day the castle resounded with mirth and jollity. Savory odors crept up from the kitchens, where the groaning spits slowly turned under their toothsome burdens. There was a stirring and mixing of pasties and sweet cakes, a bustling to and fro from the musty cellars with certain ancient, cobwebbed bottles. Huge hampers of fruit and game blocked the passageways, and a vast army of servants worked and idled, laughed and grumbled.

The rooms were garlanded with holly and mistletoe, and Lady Rosamond flitted gayly among her guests and appeared so happy and so gracious to all that Broadmeadow felt that he might now venture within her presence. Her kindly greeting sent his rusty old pulses beating to youth's time as he handed her to the banquet hall, where dinner was spread at noon.

At dusk it was snowing heavily, and within doors the fun grew fast and furious. The stone paved galleries echoed to flying feet as youth and beauty played old games beneath the grim portraits of generations of Dourleys.

Some one proposed a game at hide and seek, and in a moment one was blindfolded and the rest scattered here and there over the great castle. One by one they were discovered and emerged from their hiding places—all save Lady Rosamond. The bride was missing.

As time passed amused curiosity gave way to anxiety. One had seen her disappear behind the hind's head tapestry on the staircase landing, but diligent search revealed naught but the the oaken panels of the wall. She was not within her rooms nor anywhere that searching eyes could discover.

Reluctantly they trailed into the great hall and told the earl, who, with the ancient bridegroom, still drank before the fire. He swore savagely as he listened, and a great fear showed itself in his face as he limped up the stairs followed by the company. Broadmeadow stumbled in the rear. On the staircase landing Lord Dourley tore aside the hind's head tapestry and at a touch the oaken panels slipped aside and revealed a dark opening. A gaping lackey stepped forward with a candle, and the silent company followed their muttering host down a little winding stair into the chapel, where a single candle on the altar shone like a star. Near an open door that led into the yew walk lay something white, and some one brought forth into the candlelight a dainty lace kerchief. The earl burst into angry laughter as he paused in the doorway.

The ground before the door was trampled, and a single ridge of snow down the path told of the passing of a horse. Outside the park gates there were two ridges that wound away along the highroad.

While the castle guests were noisily dispersing, Lady Rosamond and plain Robert Southley were quietly married by the waiting clergyman.

Then they mounted their sturdy nags and resumed the journey to London. The clouds broke away, and in the glow of the Christmas stars stretched a long, broken track of snow.

The Talk of the Town

Spend Only 35c a Day

BENEFIT AND DELIGHT THE WHOLE FAMILY

SAVE UP TO $235

Sheeder's CHRISTMAS MUSICAL CLUB

(Co-Operative—Limited to 50 Members. Membership Fee $1.00. Refunded on demand if you decide not to buy or if your application is rejected.)

$225.00
FOR A
$300 PIANO
Pay only
$5.00 Down
and
$1.50 Weekly
thereafter, no interest.

$288.00
FOR A
$400 Player Piano
Pay only
$10 Down
and
$2.50 Weekly
thereafter, no interest.

¶ One can readily appreciate the real saving to you, when you realize that all Baumeister and Archer Pianos offered in this Christmas Club are sold from "Factory to Home" direct and that every instrument is from 25 to 35 per cent. less than any dealer or carry-all can sell Pianos of the same grade.

¶ It's a simple analysis—a dealer must pay the jobber's profit who in turn must pay the manufacturer's profit before selling to you. We as manufacturers sell you direct, charging only a legitimate profit.

¶ This helpful Christmas Co-Operative Club can save you as much as $235.00 from prices for same quality advertised elsewhere.

¶ This is not a Club that confines you to one "cheap" (?) Piano or Player Piano. It is a genuine opportunity to buy the Piano you want and at a big saving.

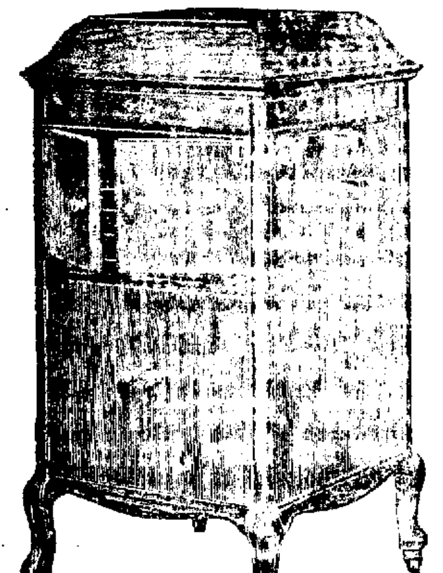
Guaranteed Absolutely

¶ We guarantee the Baumeister and Archer Player Pianos in every respect or money refunded. Compare this guarantee with the rambling statements ordinarily furnished. We SAY: Use any one of these instruments 30 days. Return it if you don't like it and Get Your Money Back.

¶ Join the Christmas Club at once and be sure of your buying privilege. Select the instrument later if you prefer, but would advise you to select now as we cannot possibly increase the membership above 50 members in this club as we are rushed with orders to such an extent that we now have orders in the factory that cannot be delivered at the Clearfield store before Dec. 1st and our factory is working over time and will be until 1914.

—SEND THIS COUPON—SAVE UP TO $235—

Send me full information about Christmas Musical Club
Name____________________
Address____________________
C. P. Dec. 5'13



... VICTROLAS ...

¶ Better get your order in now for a Victrola for Christmas or you may wait for 30 or 60 days after Xmas for your choice.

¶ Last year the Victor Company were 58000 machines short on their Xmas orders. The conditions will be no better this year. We just received an order that should have been here thirty days ago but this style has a greater demand than the Victor Co. can produce. What can we expect Xmas week? Don't delay.

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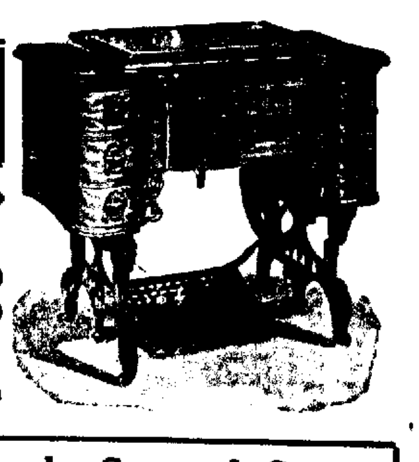

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Within the ...Law

By MARVIN DANA

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"Just tip me off to the truth," Burke went on ingratiatingly, "and I'll get the necessary evidence in my own way. Now, there's nobody here but just you and me. Come on, now—put me wise!"

"Are you sure no one will ever know?"

"Nobody but you and me," Burke declared, all agog with anticipation of victory at last. "I give you my word!"

Mary met the gaze of the inspector fully. In the same instant, she flashed on him a smile that was dazzling, the smile of a woman triumphant in her mastery of the situation. Her face was radiant, luminous with honest mirth.

She spoke in a most casual voice, despite the dancing delight in her face. The tones were drawled in the matter of fact fashion of statement that leads a listener to answer without heed to the exact import of the question, unless very alert indeed. This is what she said:

"I'm not speaking loud enough, am I, stenographer?"

And that industrious writer of shorthand notes, absorbed in his task, answered instantly from his hidden place in the corridor.

"No, ma'am, not quite."

Mary laughed a... while Burke sat dumfounded. She rose swiftly, and went to the nearest window, and with a pull at the cord sent the shade flying upward. There was revealed the busy stenographer, bent over his pad. A groan of distress burst from him, and he fled the place in ignominious rout.

The smiling Mary was returned to her cell.

CHAPTER XVIII.
The Confession.

Burke pressed the button call and ordered the doorman to send in Cassidy. When the detective appeared he asked:

"Does Garson know we've arrested the Turner girl and young Gilder?" And, when he had been answered in the negative: "Or that we've got Chicago Red and Dacey here?"

"No," Cassidy replied. "He hasn't been spoken to since we made the collar. He seems worried," the detective volunteered.

"He'll be more worried before I get through with him!" he growled. He regarded Cassidy speculatively. "Do you remember the third degree Inspector Burns worked on McGloin? Well," he went on, as the detective nodded assent, "that's what I'm going to do to Garson. He's got imagination, that crook! The things he don't know about are the things he's afraid of. After he gets in here, I want you to take his pals one after the other, and lock them up in the cells there in the corridor. The shades on the corridor windows here will be up, and Garson will see them taken in. The fact of their being there will set his imagination to working overtime, all right."

Burke reflected for a moment, and then issued the final directions for the execution of his latest plot.

"When you get the buzzer from me, you have young Gilder and the Turner woman sent in. Then, after a while, you'll get another buzzer. When you hear that, come right in here, and tell me that the gang has squealed. I'll do the rest. Bring Garson here in just five minutes. Tell Dan to come in."

As the detective went out, the doorman entered, and thereat Burke proceeded with the further instructions necessary to the carrying out of his scheme.

"Take the chairs out of the office, Dan," he directed, "except mine and one other—that one!" He indicated a chair standing a little way from one end of his desk. "Now, have all the shades up." He chuckled as he added: "That Turner woman saved you the trouble with one."

He returned to his chair, and when the door opened he was to all appearances busily engaged in writing.

"Here's Garson, chief," Cassidy announced.

"Hello, Joe!" Burke exclaimed, with a seeming air of careless friendliness, as the detective went out, and Garson stood motionless just within the door.

"Sit down a minute, won't you?" the inspector continued affably. He did not look up from his writing as he spoke.

Garson's usually strong face was showing weak with fear. His chin, which was commonly very firm, moved a little from uneasy twitchings of his lips. His clear eyes were slightly clouded to a look of apprehension as they roved the room furtively. He made no answer to the inspector's greeting for a few moments, but remained standing without movement, poised alertly as if sensing some concealed peril. Finally, however, his anxiety found expression in words. His tone was pregnant with alarm, though he strove to make it merely complaining.

"Say, what am I arrested for?" he protested. "I ain't done anything."

Burke did not look up, and his pen continued to hurry over the paper.

"Who told you you were arrested?" he remarked cheerfully in his blandest voice.

Garson uttered an ejaculation of disgust.

"I don't have to be told," he retorted huffily. "I'm no college president, but when a cop grabs me and brings me down here I've got sense enough to know I'm pinched."

"Is that what they did to you, Joe? I'll have to speak to Cassidy about that. Now, just you sit down, Joe, won't you? I want to have a little talk with you. I'll be through here in a second." He went on with the writing.

Garson moved forward slightly to the single chair near the end of the desk and there seated himself mechanically. His face thus was turned toward the windows that gave on the corridor, and his eyes grew yet more clouded as they rested on the grim doors of the cells. He writhed in his chair, and his gaze jumped from the cells to the impassive figure of the man at the desk. Now the forger's nervousness increased momentarily. It swept beyond his control. Of a sudden he sprang up and stepped close to the inspector.

"Say," he said, in a husky voice, "I'd like—I'd like to have a lawyer."

"What's the matter with you, Joe?" the inspector returned, always with that imperturbable air, and without raising his head from the work that so engrossed his attention. "You know, you're not arrested, Joe. Maybe you never will be. Now, for the love of Mike, keep still and let me finish this letter."

Slowly, very hesitatingly, Garson went back to the chair, and sank down on it in a limp attitude of dejection wholly unlike his customary postures of strength. Again, his fear fascinated eyes went to the row of cells that stood silently menacing on the other side of the corridor beyond the windows. His face was tinged with gray. A physical sickness was creeping stealthily on him, as his thoughts held insistently to the catastrophe that threatened. His intelligence was too keen to permit a belief that Burke's manner of almost fulsome kindliness hid nothing ominous—ominous with a hint of death for him in return for the death he had wrought.

Then, terror crystallized. His eyes were caught by a figure, the figure of Cassidy, advancing there in the corridor. And with the detective went a man whose gait was slinking, craven. A cell door swung open, the prisoner stepped within, the door clanged to, the bolts shot into their sockets noisily.

Garson sat huddled, stricken—for he had recognized the victim thrust into the cell before his eyes. It was Dacey, one of his own cronies in crime—Dacey, who, the night before, had seen him kill Eddie Griggs. There was something concretely sinister to Garson in this fact of Dacey's presence there in the cell.

Of a sudden the forger cried out raucously:

"Say, inspector, if you've got anything on me, I—I would"— The cry dropped into unintelligible mumblings.

Burke retained his manner of serene indifference to the other's agitation. Still, his pen hurried over the paper, and he did not trouble to look up as he expostulated, half banteringly.

"Now, now! What's the matter with you, Joe? I told you that I wanted to ask you a few questions. That's all."

But, after a moment, Garson's emotion forced him to another appeal.

"Say, inspector"— he began.

Then, abruptly, he was silent, his mouth still open to utter the words that were now held back by horror. Again, he saw the detective walking forward, out there in the corridor. And with him, as before, was a second figure, which advanced slinkingly.

Again the door swung wide, the prisoner slipped within, the door clanged shut, the bolts clattered noisily into their sockets.

And, in the watcher, terror grew—for he had seen the face of Chicago Red, another of his pals, another who had seen him kill Griggs. At last he licked his dry lips, and his voice broke in a throaty whisper.

"Say, inspector, if you've got anything against me, why"—

"Who said there was anything against you, Joe?" Burke rejoined, in a voice that was genially chiding.

"Say, inspector, if you've got anything on me"—

"What's the matter with you today, Joe? You seem nervous." Still, the official kept on with his writing.

"No, I ain't nervous," Garson cried, with a feverish effort to appear calm. "Why, what makes you think that? But this ain't exactly the place you'd pick out as a pleasant one to spend the morning." He was silent for a little, trying with all his strength to regain his self control, but with small success.

Burke believed that his opportunity was come. His hand slipped into the pocket where was the pistol, and clutched it. He stared at Garson fiercely, and spoke with a rush of the words:

"Why did you kill Eddie Griggs?"

"I didn't kill him!" The reply was quick enough, but it came weakly. Again, Garson was forced to wet his lips with a dry tongue, and to swallow painfully. "I tell you, I didn't kill him!" he repeated at last, with more force.

"You killed him last night—with this!" Burke cried, viciously. On the instant, the pistol leaped into view, pointed straight at Garson. "Why?" the inspector shouted. "Come on, now! Why?"

"I didn't, I tell you!" Garson was growing stronger, since at last the crisis was upon him. He got to his feet with lithe swiftness of movement and sprang close to the desk. He bent his head forward challengingly, to meet the glare of his accuser's eyes.

There passed many seconds, while the two men battled in silence, will warring against will. In the end it was the murderer who triumphed.

Suddenly, Burke dropped the pistol into his pocket, and lolled back in his chair. His gaze fell away from the man confronting him. In the same instant, the rigidity of Garson's form relaxed, and he straightened slowly.

"Oh, well," Burke exclaimed amiably, "I didn't really think you did, but I wasn't sure, so I had to take a chance. You understand, don't you, Joe?"

"Sure, I understand," Garson replied, with an amiability equal to the inspector's own.

Burke pressed the buzzer as the agreed signal to Cassidy. "Where did you say Mary Turner was last night?"

At the question, all Garson's fears for the woman rushed back on him with appalling force.

"I don't know where she was," he exclaimed doubtfully. He realized his blunder even as the words left his lips, and sought to correct it as best he might. "Why, yes, I do, too," he went on, as if assailed by sudden memory. "I dropped into her place kind of late, and they said she'd gone to bed—headache, I guess. Yes, she was home, of course. She didn't go out of the house all night." His insistence on the point was of itself suspicious, but eagerness to protect her dulled his wits.

"Know anything about Gilder?" Burke demanded.

"Not a thing," was the earnest answer.

The inner door opened, and Mary Turner entered the office. Garson with difficulty suppressed the cry of distress that rose to his lips. For a few moments the silence was unbroken. Then presently Burke by a gesture directed the girl to advance toward the center of the room. As she obeyed he himself went a little toward the door, and when it opened again and Dick Gilder appeared he interposed to check the young man's rush forward as his gaze fell on his bride, who stood regarding him with sad eyes.

Then, while still that curious, dynamic silence endured, Cassidy came briskly into the office.

"Say, chief," the detective said rapidly, "they've squealed."

"Squealed, eh? Do they tell the same story?" And then when the detective had answered in the affirmative he went on speaking in tones ponderous with self complacency.

"I was right, then, after all—right all the time. Good enough." Of a sudden his voice boomed somberly. "Mary Turner, I want you for the murder of"—

Garson's rush halted the sentence. He had leaped forward. His face was rigid. He broke on the inspector's words with a gesture of fury. His voice came in a hiss:

"That's a —— lie! I did it!"

CHAPTER XIX.
Anguish and Bliss.

Garson shouted his confession without a second of reflection. But the result must have been the same had he taken years of thought. Between him and her as the victim of the law, there could be no hesitation for choice. The prime necessity was to save her, Mary, from the toils of the law that were closing around her. For himself, in the days to come, there would be a ghastly dread, but there would never be regret over the cost of saving her. He had saved her from the waters—he would save her until the end, as far as the power in him might lie.

The suddenness of it all held Mary voiceless for long seconds. She was frozen with horror of the event. When, at last, words came, they were a frantic prayer of protest.

"No, Joe! No! Don't talk—don't talk!"

"Joe has talked," Burke said, significantly.

"He did it to protect me," she stated, earnestly.

The inspector disdained such futile argument. As the doorman appeared in answer to the buzzer, he directed that the stenographer be summoned at once.

"We'll have the confession in due form," he remarked, gazing pleasedly on the three before him.

"He's not going to confess," Mary insisted, with spirit.

But Burke disregarded her completely, and spoke mechanically to Garson the formal warning required by the law.

"You are hereby cautioned that anything you say may be used against you." Then, as the stenographer entered, he went on with lively interest, "Now, Joe!"

Yet once again, Mary protested, a little wildly.

"Don't speak, Joe! Don't say a word till we can get a lawyer for you!"

The man met her pleading eyes steadily, and shook his head in refusal.

"It's no use, my girl," Burke broke in harshly. "I told you I'd get you. I'm going to try you and Garson, and the whole gang for murder—yes, every one of you. And you, Gilder," he continued, lowering on the young man who had defied him so obstinately, "you'll go to the house of detention as a material witness." He turned his gaze to Garson again, and spoke authoritatively. "Come on now, Joe!"

Garson went a step toward the desk and spoke decisively.

"If I come through, you'll let her go—and him?" he added as an after thought, with a nod toward Dick Gilder.

"We'll get the best lawyers in the country," Mary persisted desperately. "We'll save you, Joe—we'll save you!"

Garson regarded the distraught girl with wistful eyes. But there was no trace of yielding in his voice as he replied, though he spoke very sorrowfully.

"No, you can't help me," he said simply. "My time has come, Mary. And I can save you a lot of trouble."

"He's right there," Burke ejaculated. "We've got him cold. So, what's the use of dragging you two into it?"

"Then they go clear?" Garson exclaimed, eagerly. "They ain't even to be called as witnesses?"

"You're on!" Burke agreed.

"Then, here goes!" Garson cried, and he looked expectantly toward the stenographer.

"My name is Joe Garson."

"Alias?" Burke suggested.

"Alias nothing!" came the sharp retort. "Garson's my monaker. I shot English Eddie, because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon, and he got just what was coming to him." Vituperation beyond the mere words beat in his voice now.

"Now, now!" Burke objected, severely. "We can't take a confession like that."

Garson shook his head—spoke with fiercer hatred.

"Because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon," he repeated. "Have you got it?" And then, as the stenographer nodded assent, he went on, less violently: "I croaked him just as he was going to call the bulls with a police whistle. I used a gun with smokeless powder. It had a Maxim silencer on it, so that it didn't make any noise."

Garson paused, and the set despair of his features lightened a little. Into his voice came a tone of exultation indescribably ghastly. It was born of the eternal egotism of the criminal, fattening vanity in gloating over his ingenuity for evil. He stared at Burke with a quizzical grin crooking his lips.

"Say," he exclaimed, "I'll bet it's the first time a guy was ever croaked with one of them things! Ain't it?"

The inspector nodded affirmation.

"Some class to that, eh?" Garson demanded, still with that grewsome air of boasting. "I got the gun and the Maxim silencer thing off a fence in Boston," he explained. "Say, that thing cost me $60, and it's worth every cent of the money. Why, they'll remember me as the first to spring one of them things, won't they?"

"They sure will, Joe!" the inspector conceded.

"Nobody knew I had it," Garson continued, dropping his braggart manner abruptly.

At the words, Mary started, and her lips moved as if she were about to speak.

"Nobody knew I had it—nobody in the world," he declared. "And nobody had anything to do with the killing but me."

"Was there any bad feeling between you and Eddie Griggs?"

"Never till that very minute. Then I learned the truth about what he'd framed up with you." The speaker's voice reverted to its former fierceness in recollection of the treachery of one whom he had trusted.

"He was a stool pigeon, and I hated him! That's all, and it's enough. And it's all true, so help me God!"

The inspector nodded dismissal to the stenographer, with an air of relief.

"That's all, Williams," he said heavily. "He'll sign it as soon as you've transcribed the notes."

Then as the stenographer left the room Burke turned his gaze on the woman, who stood there in a posture of complete dejection, her white, anguished face downcast. There was triumph in the inspector's voice as he addressed her, for his professional pride was full fed by this victory over his foes.

"Young woman," Burke said briskly, "it's just like I told you. You can't beat the law. Garson thought he could—and now"— He broke off, with a wave of his hand toward the man who had just sentenced himself to death in the electric chair.

"That's right," Garson agreed, with somber intensity. His eyes were grown clouded again now, and his voice dragged leaden. "That's right, Mary," he repeated dully, after a little pause. "You can't beat the law!" He hesitated a little, then went on, with a certain curious embarrassment. "And this same old law says a woman must stick to her man."

The girl's eyes met his with passionate sorrow in their misty deeps. Garson gave a significant glance toward Dick Gilder, then his gaze returned to her. There was a smoldering despair in that look. There were, as well, an entreaty and a command.

"So," he went on, "you must go along with him, Mary. Won't you? It's the best thing to do."

The girl could not answer. There was a clutch on her throat just then, which would not relax at the call of her will.

Of a sudden, an inspiration came to him, a means to snap the tension, to create a diversion wholly efficacious. He would turn to his boasting again, would call upon his vanity, which he knew well as his chief foible, and make it serve as the foil against his love.

"You want to cut out worrying about me," he counseled, bravely. "Why, I ain't worrying any, myself—not a little bit! You see, it's something new I've pulled off. Nobody ever put over anything like it before."

He faced Burke with a grin of gloating again.

"I'll bet there'll be a lot of stuff in the newspapers about this, and my picture, too, in most of 'em! What?"

The man's manner imposed on Burke, though Mary felt the torment that his vaingloryling was meant to mask.

"Say," Garson continued to the inspector, "if the reporters want any pictures of me could I have some new ones taken? The one you've got of me in the gallery is over ten years old. I've taken off my beard since then. Can I have a new one?"

"Sure you can, Joe. I'll send you up to the gallery right now."

"Immense!" Garson cried boisterously. He moved toward Dick Gilder, walking with a faint suggestion of swagger to cover the nervous tremor that had seized him.

"So long, young fellow," he exclaimed and held out his hand. "You've been on the square, and I guess you always will be."

Dick had no scruple in clasping that extended hand very warmly in his own.

"We'll do what we can for you," he said simply.

"That's all right," Garson replied, with such carelessness of manner as he could contrive. Then at last he turned to Mary. This parting must be bitter, and he braced himself with all the vigors of his will to combat the weakness that leaped from his soul.

As he came near the girl could hold herself in leash no longer. She threw herself on his breast. Her arms wreathed about his neck. Great sobs racked her.

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" The gasping cry was of utter despair.

Garson's trembling hand patted the girl's shoulder very softly, a caress of infinite tenderness.

"That's all right," he murmured huskily. "That's all right, Mary." There was a short silence, and then he went on speaking more firmly. "You know, he'll look after you."

He looked up over the girl's shoulder and beckoned with his head to Dick, who came forward.

"Take good care of her, won't you?"

He disengaged himself gently from the girl's embrace and set her within the arms of her husband, where she rested quietly, as if unable to fight longer against fate's decree.

"That's all right. That's all right, Mary."

"Well, so long!"

He dared not utter another word, but turned blindly, and went, stumbling a little, toward the doorman, who had appeared in answer to the inspector's call.

"To the gallery," Burke ordered curtly.

Garson went on without ever a glance back.

There was a long silence in the room after Garson's passing. It was broken at last by the inspector, who got up from his chair and advanced toward the husband and wife. In his hand he carried a sheet of paper, roughly scrawled. As he stopped before the two and cleared his throat, Mary withdrew herself from Dick's arms and regarded the official with brooding eyes from out her white face.

Burke extended the sheet of paper to the husband.

"There's a document," he said gruffly. "It's a letter from one Helen Morris, in which she sets forth the interesting fact that she pulled off a theft in the Emporium, for which your Mrs Gilder here did time. You know, your father got your Mrs. Gilder sent up for three years for that same job—which she didn't do. That's why she had such a grudge against your father and against the law too!"

Burke chuckled, as the young man took the paper, wonderingly.

"I don't know that I blame her much for that grudge, when all's said and done. You give that document to your father. It sets her right. He's a just man according to his lights, your father. He'll do all he can to make things right for her, now he knows. Now, you two listen. I've got to go out a minute. When I get back, I don't want to find anybody here—not anybody! Do you get me?"

* * * * * * *

When the official was gone, the two stood staring mute—each at the other through long seconds. What she read in the man's eyes set the woman's heart to beating with a new delight. What he read in her eyes set the husband's pulses to bounding. He opened his arms in an appeal that was a command. Mary went forward slowly, without hesitation, in a bliss that forgot every sorrow for that blessed moment, and cast herself on his breast.

THE END.

DECEPTION.

The essence of lying is in deception, not in words. A lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence, and all these kinds of lies are baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded. No form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived because the deception was by gesture or silence instead of utterance.—John Ruskin.

Wesley and Whitefield.

In the mouths of Wesley and Whitefield the repeated sermon became both necessary and effective, for they journeyed and found new hearers for old sermons. Wesley, for instance, traveled 4,500 miles a year until he was well on toward threescore years and ten and, traveling, preached two, three and occasionally four times a day. With Whitefield particularly the sermon gained by repetition. Thus writes his biographer: "It never reached its highest point of effectiveness until he had preached it forty times. Then it became on his lips a perfect instrument of persuasion." Whitefield, it has been calculated, preached over 18,000 sermons.—Chicago News.

Robert Burns.

Robert Burns belongs in the very front rank of the world's great men. As a song writer he stands along with Goethe, Heine and Beranger, and as a satirist he ranks well up with Juvenal and Pascal. His "Cotter's Saturday Night," his "Tam O'Shanter" and his "Holy Fair" are simply inimitable, as great in their line as the most consummate masterpieces of the world's greatest writers. Burns was original in the best sense of that word, and his songs, satires, epistles and many of his more serious productions stand forth unique and fresh and powerful as the tints of Titian or the chiseling of Phidias.—New York Journal.

Reassured Him.

He was a young man—a candidate for an agricultural constituency—and he was sketching in glowing colors to the audience of rural voters the happy life the laborer would lead under an administration for the propagation of sweetness and light. "We have not yet three acres and a cow, but it will come. Old age pensions are still of the future, but they will come." Similarly every item of his comprehensive program was indorsed by the same cry. Then he went on to talk of prison reforms. "I have not yet personally," he said, "been inside a criminal lunatic asylum." Then there was a voice from the back of the hall, "But it will come."—Argonaut.

Sultans and Beards.

Mohammed never shaved, and his beard was considered sacred. His namesake, the conqueror of Constantinople, is described as having had "mustachios like leaves over two rose buds, and every hair of his beard was as a thread of gold." It was he who in reply to a question as to his plans for a campaign said, "If a hair of my beard knew them I should pluck it out." Great was the scandal when one of his successors, Selim the Grim, took to shaving. "I have cut off my beard in order that my vizier may have nothing to lead me by," he replied, and Selim's viziers knew better than to bandy jokes with him.

His Queer Doctrines.

Two centuries have passed since the Scottish judge, Lord Monboddo, was born. In his "Origin and Progress of Language" he argued that human beings should be studied like other animals, but this doctrine seemed to the contemporaries of Dr Johnson so ridiculous that the wags based many a jest upon it. His belief that men got rid of their tails by sitting upon them would now scarcely raise a smile among anthropologists. Among his more startling propositions was the earnestly maintained one that the orang outang "was a class of the human species, and that its want of speech was merely accidental."

Oil on the Waters.

Oil may be applied to the sea in a hundred ways. In emergencies it may be pumped overboard. It may be emptied through the scuppers, through the ship's drains or by means of [illegible] pumps. Where it spreads the slapping tumbling motion of the water ceases, though the swell of the sea of course continues. Navigators for centuries have found oil of great value in preventing great inrushes of water that sweep vessels in a gale. With the combers reduced the vessel will ride the swell instead of running danger of being swamped beneath it.—Rear Admiral A. M. Knight, U. S. N., in Philadelphia Bulletin.

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NO WATER IN CINCINNATI.

Shortage, Caused by Accident, Makes Fire Danger Great.

Cincinnati Dec 10—Owing to the shortage of water in the central portion of this city following the bursting of a water main on Saturday, the fire situation was described by Fire Chief Bunker as "absolutely appalling" The only available water is in the Eden park reservoirs, and this would not last an hour in case of a big blaze, declared the chief

A flying squadron of ten automobile chemical engines has been mobilized and will be rushed to any fire All firemen have been put on emergency duty No schools opened, and the pupils will be given a vacation until the central supply main is repaired This it is expected, will be Thursday

LOBBY INQUIRY REPORT.

Grave Impropriety Found In McDermott's Conduct.

Washington, Dec 10—Results of the house lobby investigation by a committee headed by Representative Garrett of Tennessee were made public in two reports—a majority report signed by Democrats and Republicans alike and a supplemental report filed by Representative McDonald of Michigan

The majority made no recommendations but declared that Representative J T McDermott of Illinois had been guilty of acts of grave impropriety unbecoming the dignity of his position though "we cannot say that he has been corrupted in his votes

Germ Treatment For Troops.

Paterson, N J Dec 10—Five hundred officers and men of the Fifth regiment National Guard lined up in squads on the floor of the armory here at intervals with left arms bared Each was given the first of the three treatments which will render them immune from typhoid fever

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

Two thousand striking teamsters of Indianapolis resumed work, 1300 men still out

Stanley J Quinn was slated for executive auditor by Governor Glynn of New York at $4 000 a year

An automobile containing five men was struck by a train near Fort Dupont Del W A Jester was killed

"Boss" Kuehnle of Atlantic City N J will be taken to Trenton to begin a prison sentence He hopes for pardon

The Rev John L Gaunt an aged recluse of Louisville Ky was murdered and his body thrown into a creek

Father Von Kubinyi and congregation of 300 of South Bend Ind will forsake the Catholic for the Episcopal church

Representative Ten Eyck asks for a wide channel in the Hudson river from Hudson to Troy, twenty seven feet deep

An instantaneous water heater explosion at the Western Electric company's Pittsburgh plant killed a man and fatally hurt a boy

Francesco Domorski of Bayonne N J was arraigned on a charge of wife beating and sentenced to kneel and kiss his wife's hand

Peter Woods and Charles Fritz of New York were arrested in Bayonne N J, on a charge of passing counterfeit half dollars and turned over to secret service agents

THE SCHMIDT CASE.

Confessed Murderer and Woman Friend of Girl He Slew Snapped In Court.

Photos by American Press Association

Hans Schmidt is anxious to expiate at once what is considered the most heinous crime committed in recent years He insists that he is guilty of murdering Annie Aumuller and asks that he be electrocuted without further delay Still attorneys are endeavoring to prove him insane These photographs were taken in the courtroom since his trial began The woman is Miss Josef Igler who was a friend of the murdered girl and who appeared as a witness against Schmidt

NEW YORK STOCKS.

Early Price Movements Irregular and Tone Uncertain.

New York Dec. 9

Price movements in the early trading were irregular a number of the important issues making moderate gains while pronounced weakness was shown in other quarters Selling orders at the market made New Haven sell at the opening one point apart in different sections of the crowd the initial transactions being recorded as 500 at 75 and 400 at 74 against 76¼ at close yesterday The manner in which the stock acted created a disposition to regard the dividend outlook at tomorrow's meeting as uncertain The news of the proposed financing of Canadian Pacific was unfavorably regarded both here and in London

Nearly all the speculative interest on the floor was centered in the trading in New Haven The stock was depressed from the start and sold off to 73 against 76¼ yesterday a new low record The supply came from many sources mostly in small amounts This weakness was due to a publication this morning quoting a director as being opposed to the declaration of any dividend at meeting scheduled for tomorrow The weakness in New Haven unsettled the rest of the market Governments unchanged Other bonds heavy

The feature of the trading in the late forenoon was renewed pressure against American Sugar which sold off to 100 a loss of nearly 3 points The rest of the list held fairly steady New Haven rallied about 1 point but quickly lost this gain American Cotton Oil showed a lack of demand

Amal Copper	70¾	North Am	69
Am Car & F	44	Northern Pac	107⅛
Am Sm & R	62	Penn R R	108½
Am Sm & R pf	97½	Peo G L	118
		Reading Ry	160¼
Am Snuff	166	Rdg Ry 1st pf	80
Am Sugar	100⅛	Rep I & S	80¾
Am Tel & Tel	118⅜	Sears Roebuck	174¾
Am Tobacco	243¾	Southern Pac	87
Atchison	93	So Pac ct	93⅛
B & O	92¾	So Pac 1st pd	91⅛
*Brooklyn R T	86½	Southern Ry	21½
Canadian Pac	225⅝	South Ry pf	75
Ches & Ohio	57	Un Cigar Mfg	45⅞
C M & St P	98¼	Un Dry Goods	97
Con Gas	128	Union Pac	[illegible]
Deere & Co pf	94	Union Pac pf	83¼
Gen Electric	138	U S Rubber	54½
Great Nor pf	124¾	U S Rubber pf	99
Kayser (J) Co	80	U S Steel	[illegible]
Lehigh Valley	147⅞	U S Steel pf	10[illegible]
Lorillard	1[illegible]7	Utah Copper	48
N Y Central	93¼	Westinghouse Co	64⅛
N Y C & St L	50		
N Y N H & H R R	73¼	*Ex dividend	

GENERAL MARKETS.

New York Dec 9

FLOUR—Receipts 58 000 shipments 9 000 spring patents $4 40a4 60 winter straights $4 10a4 [illegible] winter patents $4 [illegible] [illegible] spring clears $4 [illegible] winter [illegible] grades $3 [illegible] Kansas straights $4 [illegible] rye flour fair to good $3 [illegible] choice to fancy $3 [illegible]

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—$2 [illegible]

CORNMEAL—[illegible] $1 [illegible] kiln dried $3 [illegible]

BARLEY—Malting [illegible]

WHEAT—Receipts [illegible] [illegible] Duluth [illegible] Wheat was steady with some [illegible] of the [illegible] increase in the world's visible supply there were some complaints [illegible] account of [illegible] covering December [illegible]

CORN—Receipts [illegible]

OATS—Receipts 34 [illegible] standard white [illegible] No 3, 45a45c [illegible]

45½c natural white and clipped white, 45a48c

FEED—Steady western spring bran, 100 lb sacks $24 25 standard middlings $24.60, city $23 50 bulk, $24

MOLASSES—New Orleans, open kettle, 34a39c

BUTTER—Top grades higher and firm, others dull receipts 9 080 creamery extras lb 31a36½c firsts 27a33c., seconds 23a[illegible] held extras 31a32c firsts 2[illegible]a29½c seconds 23a26c state dairy, tubs, finest 30a32c good to prime 26a29c common to fair 22a25c process extras 25a26c firsts 23a24c seconds 21a22c, imitation creamery firsts 23a24c factory held 21a[illegible]c current make firsts 21a21½c seconds 19½a20½c picking stock, held 19½a20[illegible] current make No 2, 19a19½c No 3 17[illegible]a18½c

CHEESE—Steady receipts 2 393 boxes, state whole milk specials white held 16½a16¾c fresh 16c colored held 16½a1[illegible] fresh 16c average fancy white, held 16¼c fresh 15½a15¾c colored held 16¼c fresh 15½a15¾c skims specials, held 13a13½c choice 11½a12½c

EGGS—Firmer receipts 9 349 cases fresh gathered extras doz, 39a41c extra firsts 37a38c, firsts 35a36c seconds 32a34c refrigerators special marks, fancy, 29½a30c firsts 28a29c seconds 26½a27½c, state Pennsylvania and nearby hennery whites 45a50c, gathered whites 45a48c hennery browns 42c gathered brown and mixed colors, 37a41c

NEW HAY AND STRAW—Steady timothy per ton $17a21 50, shipping $15a16 clover $14a18 clover mixed $14a19 50 long rye straw, $16 50 oat, $12 small bales, 50c. a$1 less per ton than large

POTATOES—Weak, Bermuda per bbl, $3 50a6, domestic, bbl or bag, $2a2 25 European bag, $1 25a1 60, sweets southern, bbl $1a1 50 Jersey, basket 60c a$1

LIVE POULTRY—Unsettled chickens, lb 15a15½c, fowls 16½a17c, old roosters, 12c turkeys 16c, geese, 14c, ducks 15a16c, guineas pair 65c pigeons 20c

DRESSED POULTRY—Western turkeys old per lb 20a23c, fancy, dry picked, 22a24c average 16a18c, chickens broilers poor dry packed, 12 to box 3 to 4 lbs to pair western milk fed, lb 22a25c, corn fed, 19a23c, dry packed 12 to box milk fed, 31 to 47 lbs to dozen 18a19c 48 to 60 lbs and over to dozen, 20½a21c, corn fed, 31 to 47 lbs to dozen 16a17c 48 to 60 lbs and over to dozen 18½a20c, broilers, iced 3 to 4 lbs to pair Philadelphia and Long Island, 26a28c, Pennsylvania 23a25c, Virginia milk fed, 23c western milk fed dry picked 21a21½c corn fed 17c scalded 16a16½c, 5 to 6 lbs to pair iced, Philadelphia 18a20c Pennsylvania 16a17c Virginia, milk fed 17c western milk fed 16a16½c, corn fed dry picked 14½c, scalded 13a14c 8 to 10 lbs and over to pair iced Philadelphia fancy 23a25c Pennsylvania 17a18c western milk fed, 17½a20c corn fed dry picked 17½a18c scalded 1[illegible]a17½c fowls western boxes lb 12a13 barrels 13a17½c old roosters 12½c spring ducks western choice lb 15a16c, average 1[illegible]a13c geese choice 14a15c average 10a1[illegible] squabs per dozen $2 75a4 75 guineas per pair 7[illegible]c a$1 25

CALVES—Live veal calves per 100 lbs $8 [illegible] calves $[illegible] grass calves $[illegible] yearlings [illegible] $1 [illegible] country dressed [illegible] lb 11½a17c buttermilk [illegible]

[illegible] HOGS—Receipts 38 [illegible] [illegible] $7 [illegible]

[illegible] HOGS—Market closed [illegible] pigs $8

The Weather

[illegible] moderate westerly wind

Spiteful

Mrs [illegible] My husband loves me dearly He says that when I am away the house seems empty Mrs Slim [illegible] He may [illegible] your size — Boston [illegible]

Xmas Presents For Men and Boys

¶ Useful presents bought at Flegal's are easy to select and make Men and Boys happy ¶ Suits, Overcoats. Rain Coats, Sweater Coats Mackinaw Coats, House Coats, Bath Robes, Shirts, Neckwear, Hats, Caps, Gloves, Suspenders: Umbrellas, Handkerchiefs, Etc. ¶ Special Xmas Boxes of Initial Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Arm Bands, and Garters, Ties. Etc.

H. J. FLEGAL, Second Street

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

Capital, Surplus and Profits,	$1,065,000
Total Resources	4,000,000

Commercial Accounts

The commercial accounts of business men are especially welcomed by this bank.

The amount of its invested capital and the extent of its total resources have enabled it in the past to meet the needs of its depositors and insure its ability to do so for the future.

The officers will appreciate an opportunity to discuss your banking needs with you.

PROGRESS Ads Bring Results

New Opera House

FRIDAY NIGHT

The Play of the Hour

A GIRL OF THE UNDERWORLD

By Jack Gorman

Comedy
Sensation
Pathos

Seat Sale Thursday

Prices 10c 20c 30c and 50c

...Robinson & Company...

Annual Christmas Sale of Men's, Women's and Children's

CLOTHING, SHOES AND FURNISHINGS

Has Started and will Continue during the Entire Month of December.

¶ At the psychological moment, at the most opportune time that this could possibly appear, just as you are in the midst of your Autumn and Winter shopping we offer you our most remarkable and attractive stock of seasonable merchandise at these extremely low sale prices. This is the sale that you eagerly await.

Let Nothing Keep You Away

Everything in the store marked in plain figures at sale prices.

ROBINSON & COMPANY NEXT TO WINDSOR HOTEL CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

SPORTSMEN'S HEADQUARTERS

REPAIR SHOP

A QUARTER

IS the price of a pocket cigar lighter. Small, compact and a sure lighter. The newest article on the market. A household lighter to fasten on the wall 75c. Fancy ash trays with lighter combined $1.50 and $3. No parts to be renewed.

VISOR COATS

THE latest sweater; one with a combination neck, giving their different type collars. Come in and look at them. Prices from $5 to $6.50 according to weight. Other sweaters $1.25 to $8. We still have a nice stock of shotguns and rifles to select from.

Opposite Witmer Inn HARDER'S GUN WORKS Clearfield, Penn'a

NewspaperARCHIVE® NewspaperARCHIVE®

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII | Clearfield, Pennsylvania, Wednesday, December 10, 1913 | Number 103

PLEADS GUILTY TO KILLING

Second Degree Murder Plea Accepted

SENTENCED TO REFORMATORY

Curry Run Youth on Trial For Alleged Robbery—Other Cases of Minor Importance Disposed of by the Court, with Some Sentences Imposed Upon Those Found Guilty.

This morning, shortly after the opening of court, the attorneys for William Currie, indicted for the killing of David George, on behalf of their client, presented to the court a plea of guilty of murder in the second degree.

Currie was this afternoon given an indeterminate sentence to the Huntingdon reformatory, the term not to exceed 20 years.

The other cases growing out of the riot at Sterling last August were nol. prossed, the court viewing the matter as one in which both sides were equally to blame.

This ends one of the murder cases which it was thought would take up much of the time of the court this week.

The penalty which may be imposed upon Currie is from one to 20 years. The court has not yet imposed the sentence.

The case taken up before noon today was that against Henry Hilliard on the charge of robbery and assault and battery. The defendant is a young man who is accused of attacking and robbing a small boy who was carrying his father's wages home at Curry Run. This is case is still on.

In criminal court Tuesday.

A true bill was found Tuesday afternoon against William Currie, charged with murdering David George. The grand jury also found a true bill against Elias George for assault and battery. George is one of the men who were mixed up in the fracas in which David George was killed.

Wallace Moore, convicted of F. & B., was sentenced to pay a fine of $25, $30 lying in expenses and costs of prosecution, the defendant to give security for the carrying out of the sentence.

Henry Etzwiler found guilty of steal in a bicycle, was remanded to jail for a further investigation of his case.

Owing to the sickness of an important witness, the case against Clyde Askey, was continued.

The jury in the case of Tony Partridge, accused of selling cigarettes to minors, occupying the time of court Tuesday afternoon, went out this morning.

JOSEPH AERICH IS GIVEN HIS LIBERTY

Admitted to Bail in $5000 by the Court

Tuesday evening Coroner Pollum, of DuBois, went to Curwensville, to hold an inquisition into the death of Daniel Rivers. The inquest was held at the Central hotel, the coroner empanelling the following jury: S. W. Carsletter, J. L. Draucker, J. M. Kennedy, Hugh Mallen, C. Smith and J. L. Dyer.

After listening to the testimony of about twenty witnesses, the jury returned the following verdict:

"We find that Daniel Rivers came to his death on December 6, 1913, at Curwensville, Pa. from the result of a blow struck by Joseph Arich, without forethought or malice while intent upon defending himself from personal injury at the hands of the said Daniel River.

A number of witnesses testified to the good character of Mr. Arich.

This morning, in court, the application for the release from prison of Joseph Arich was presented to the court by his attorneys, Messrs. A. L. Cole and R. D. Swoope. The court granted the petition and placed Arich's bail at $5000. The bond was filed later in the day, and the defendant released

Have you seen the new case of Bath Room fixtures at William Powell's Hardware store.

HOSPITAL DIRECTORS

Contriutions to Institution Amount to More Than $500.

The following amounts to date are gratefully acknowledged by the Woman's Auxiliary of the Clearfield hospital.

Mrs. H. W. Croft, Pittsburgh,	$50.00
Miss Alice M. Irvin, Philadelphia	50.00
Mrs. A. E. Leitzinger	25.00
Paterson Clay Product Co.	25.00
A. H. Irvin, Curwensville	25.00
Hugh M. Irvin, Curwensville	25.00
H. B. Powell	25.00
Clearfield Clay Working Co.	25.00
Mrs. S. J. Montz, Smith Mills	25.00
Ed. Roessner	25.00
S. L. Driggs	10.00
W. H. Patterson	10.00
Paul S. Read, Osceola Mills	10.00
H. J. Hinterlitner	10.00
Miss Margaret Hoyt, Kerrmoor	10.00
Nin McQuillen	10.00
E. E. Lindemuth	10.00
C. W. Smith	10.00
W. W. Howe	10.00
Mrs. Emma S. Boynton	10.00
Franklin Tannery, Mahaffey	5.00
J. B. McGrath, Houtzdale	5.00
W. C. Langsford, Houtzdale	5.00
P. T. Davis	5.00
Dr. L. R. Browne,	5.00
Henry B. Swoope, Madera,	5.00
Peter Moyer, Kylertown,	5.00
T. Huston Hartswick,	5.00
F. G. Harris	5.00
H. S. Whiteman	5.00
Mrs. Dan'l Leipold	5.00
Lloyd Lindemuth, Johnstown	5.00
Alfred Graham	5.00
Miss Jennie Powell	2.50
Miss Maude Powell	2.50
Mrs. James L. Leavy	5.00
A friend	2.50
M. L. McQuown,	2.00
Collection Union Thanksgiving Service, Presbyterian church,	44.04
Collection Thansgiving St. Andrews Episcopal church	10.00
Collection Union Service, Baptist church, Curwensville	21.00
Epworth League, Curwensville	3.00
Cash with contribution from Woodland school	.75
Total	$558.29

MRS. BLANCHE BIDDLE, Treas.

BURGESS FREAS DEAD

Punxsutawney Loses One of its Prominent Citizens.

Philip Odessa Freas, burgess of Punxsutawney, died suddenly Tuesday morning, while being taken to the hospital for treatment for heart disease. Mr. Freas was one of Punxsutawney's most prominent citizens He was born in Perry township, Jefferson county, in 1871, and was aged 42 years, 7 months and 24 days

Mr. Freas was an active man, engaging in the electrical business for some years. He was elected justice of the peace last month and had been burgess of the town since 1909. He was married and leaves a widow and five children He was a prominent Elk and a member of the Modern Woodmen of the World.

WILL HONOR JUDGES

Bar Association Will Banquet Messrs Smith and Bell.

At a meeting of the Clearfield Bar association held Tuesday it was decided to tender a banquet to Judge Allison O. Smith and Judge-elect Singleton Bell. James P. O'Laughlin, Esq presided at the meeting and appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements for the affair.

The banquet will be held at the Dimeling some day during the first week in January, the date to be fixed by the committee. The members of the committee chosen by Chairman O'Laughlin are H. B. Hartswick, W. C. Miller, A. M. Liveright, James A. Gleason and R. D. Swoope.

The occasion promises to be a most enjoyable one and will show the high esteem in which both Judge Smith and his successor, Mr. Bell are held by the local bar.

CLEARFIELD HOSPITAL

Questions Affecting the Institution Discussed Last Night

The monthly meeting of the board of directors of the Clearfield hospital was held last night, a committee of the Ladies auxiliary being present Matters pertaining to the welfare of the hospital were discussed. The situation at that institution was gone over thoroughly, especially that relating to the finnaces, an effort for the increasing of the revenues being the most momentous.

LOST—Pair of gold-rimmed glasses Saturday. Return to this office.

SAYS JUDGES OF 70 SHOULD QUIT

Attorney General McReynolds Makes His Annual Report.

REVIEWS ALL TRUST SUITS.

Reaffirms Policy of Insisting on Actual Dissolution of Illegal Combinations. Asks For More Money to Employ Assistants — Other Recommendations For Legislation Which Is Needed.

Washington, Dec. 10.—The most interesting recommendation contained in the report of Attorney General McReynolds is for the enactment of a law which will result in the elimination from the federal bench below the supreme court of all judges who have reached the age of seventy years.

This effort by McReynolds to "oslerize" members of the federal bench who have reached the age of seventy years is likely to stir up a good deal of discussion.

Mr. McReynolds' report discloses what has been clearly indicated in the suits that he has already filed under the Sherman anti-trust law—that he will insist in all dissolutions upon an actual and not a theoretical segregation of the parts. This feature of the attorney general's program was illustrated in his attitude toward the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific dissolution and in his recent argument in the International Harvester trust suit

In regard to the enforcement of the Sherman anti-trust law Mr. McReynolds says.

"Alleged violations of this law are being constantly reported and an organization is being perfected through which substantial complaints may be promptly investigated and violations of the act vigorously and speedily dealt with In this work the services of several district attorneys will be freely used

Trust Suits Now Pending.

"On March 4, 1913, there were pending under this act fifty-two cases thirty-five civil, sixteen criminal and one contempt case, of which three civil, five criminal and the one contempt proceeding have since been concluded Since March 4 last eight cases have been instituted five civil and three criminal, and one of each class has been concluded At this time forty nine cases are pending of which forty three were instituted during former administrations and six during the present"

The attorney general reviews the dissolution of the Union Pacific Southern Pacific merger

Additional Recommendations.

The attorney general makes these additional recommendations

"Clerks of United States courts should be appointed for specified terms by the courts with the consent and approval of the attorney general and be subject to removal by the president for cause at any time

"Provision should be made for review by the supreme court of the final decisions of the court of customs appeals by writs of certiorari, to be granted only upon application of the government"

THOUSANDS ASK FOR CLEMENCY FOR WOMAN

All Petitions Sent to Governor Baldwin Go In Wastebasket.

Hartford, Conn., Dec 10. — Faster than the clerks in the executive offices at the capitol can open them come petitions to Governor Simeon E. Baldwin asking for clemency for Mrs. Bessie J Wakefield, sentenced to be hanged for the murder of her husband. The correspondence goes into the wastebasket as fast as opened, but overflowing wastebaskets sent to the boiler room barely keep pace with the incoming mail sacks A bundle of 6,000 signed petitions promised by telegraph from Louisville, Ky., came by express, while from points widely scattered through out the west have come newspaper clippings, lists of names and letters, giving personal opinions of the law or of the sentence Here and there is a request that the law be permitted to take its course

A new feature is the mailing in of photographs of children One photograph had written across it, "The mother of these children is praying for the life of the mother of the Wakefield babies." Many letters come under registry. Everything goes into the wastebasket. A conservative estimate made by the clerks is that upward of 25,000 persons have sent in a letter or petition.

The Wakefield case has not come to the attention of the governor or the board of pardons. Counsel for the woman will first ask the supreme court for a new trial

AT U. B. CHURCH

Evangelist College Tells what a True Christian Is.

At the U. B. church last night Rev. J.S. College, the evangelist spoke on "What is a Christian?" He said the greatest thing the mind could grasp was the idea of Love. He said criticism that was only based on our personal ideas was a demon workingunder the guise of an angel. He said the chanting of hymns and the saying of prayers without love in the heart was priestly selfishness.

Love is not a senation, it is an inspiration.

Physical nature is dead, if the senses are sealed. Intellectual nature is dead if men are crazy. Spiritual nature is dead, without love. So called spiritual demonstration, the evangelist said, was noise, just noise, if it lacked love.

He said organizations which were called churches and were jealous of one another were not churches, they are a travesty. His closing declaration embodied a great truth "Love is Christianity—Christianity is love, without Love there could be no christianity."

The subject for tonight will be 'Hounds and Other Dogs," Although a peculiar subject for a sermon it will be an interesting one. Come out and hear it at 7.30.

NEEDED VACCINATION

Newly Weds Quarantined by Health Officials.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ulrich, living near Takesville, Hopewell township, Bedford county, who were married on Thanksgiving Day, are sick of the smallpox the bridesmaid at the wedding, Miss Lula Greenawalt, and some of the guests have the disease and the remainder of the thirty persons at the marriage feast are under quarantine.

According to reports received at the Department of Health the bride and her sister had smallpox before the wedding took place. Since the wedding day several cases have appeared and State Health officers have been rounding up suspects.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Mrs Mary [illegible] eighty-six is dead at her home in [illegible] N. J.

Captain Thomas F. R[illegible] U. S. A. retired [illegible] at his home in [illegible] Pa.

Edward S[illegible] of the [illegible] is dead [illegible] at A[illegible] N. Y.

[illegible] N. Y. [illegible] of the [illegible] Hospital [illegible] for a [illegible]

H. [illegible] M. [illegible] Morrisville, Vt.

[illegible] Wooden [illegible] of the [illegible] He served [illegible] from 1885 to 1912.

Franklin Simmons a well known American sculptor, [illegible] in Rome while taking a hot bath. He was born at Webster, Me., in 18[illegible]

John J. Grum, seventy-six, a member of the Eckford baseball team of Brooklyn which won the championship of the country in 1862 and 1863 died in Pittsfield, Mass He joined the Eckfords as shortstop in 1868.

GRAMPIAN.

Mrs. Catherine Davis returned from a week's visit with Mrs. R. P. Kester, at Newton, Pa., on Thursday.

Miss Lula Spencer visited Miss Ethel Spencer on Sunday

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Spencer visited Mr and Mrs. W. I. Wall, in Grampian, on Sunday.

Theatrical Sensation of the Season.

Laugh and the world laughs with you. "A Girl of the Underworld" which plays at the new opera house, Friday night will make you laugh. If you like surprises in a drama this play will please you. The theme is an incident of reality. Every father and mother will send their children to school to learn and to church to get knowledge, but "A Girl of the Underworld" will teach them a lesson; no mother or father no church or school, can teach more knowledge to women and men in one night than it would take you a lifetime to learn by practical experience. And above it all you laugh because you see natural things performed in a humorous manner. You can't miss this opportunity for one of the best plays of this season. Seats on sale tomorrow.

Serviceable Manicure Sets, Safety Razors, Pocket Knives, Scissors Sets, Chafing Dishes, Electric Irons and Percolators have just been received at William Powell's Store on Second street. Dec 2 4t

SEEK MISS M'CANN IN PHILADELPHIA

Detectives Run Down Every Clew In Girl Hunt.

HER FAMILY HEARTBROKEN.

Likewise No Trace Has Been Found of Miss Vera Moulton, Who Has Been Gone a Week—White Slaver Suspected—Reported That Missing Girl Was Seen—Rumors Unconfirmed.

New York, Dec. 10.—Reports that Miss Jessie Evelyn McCann, the missing Flatbush girl, had been seen at various places in New York and Philadelphia urged Inspector Faurot's searchers into new activity and caused an exchange of messages with the Philadelphia police. While none of these reports was of a positive nature the police determined to run down every clew.

A report was received by Inspector Faurot that Miss McCann was seen in the Brooklyn Institute of Fine Arts. At about the same time she was reported to have been seen in Philadelphia.

Inspector Faurot got a telephone message from a man, who gave a telephone number in the Chelsea district, and said he lived at 422 West Twenty-third street. This informant, who gave his name as Harry Nelson, said that he saw Miss McCann at 3.30 o'clock on Thursday afternoon at Cortlandt street and Broadway in company with an elderly man of forbidding appearance. Miss McCann's father received a letter of similar tenor to which the name Harry Nelson was signed.

Police went to the Twenty-third street address and found a rooming house there. No one had ever heard of Nelson. Nothing more satisfactory came from an investigation in regard to the telephone number.

Miss McCann when she left home last Thursday morning wore a brown satin charmeuse dress, with a long brown cutaway coat, a brown velvet tam o'-shanter with an orange plume and black kid shoes with brown cloth uppers She carried a set of black fox furs and wore on her wrist a bracelet on which was inscribed the pet term "Sis" and on her left hand a gold signet ring bearing the initials "J. E. M." Around her neck she wore a string of red coral beads

Description of Missing Girls.

The young woman is twenty-three years old, weighs about 120 pounds, is five feet seven inches tall and has a light complexion, light brown hair and blue eyes

Miss Vera Moulton, who has been missing from her home, 530 West One Hundred and Fifty second street, since last Wednesday evening, unlike Miss McCann is well developed for her age and height She weighs 110 pounds and is five feet four inches tall has a fair skin dark blue eyes with arched brows well formed ears with small lobes perfect teeth nose slightly tip tilted and walks with "a military swing," shoulders straight and erect On her left cheek she bears a scar resembling, her mother says, a vaccination mark

When she left home last Wednesday evening Miss Moulton had on a black satin waist with an Elizabethan ruff collar a white and black skirt with a hobble band light tan coat and a blue tam o' shanter hat with a blue feather

Such Ingratitude!

Briggs—So Mudge is getting better?

Braggs—Yes He will soon be all right now. But, talking about sells, you know we had nearly $100 raised to put up a nice monument for him, as no one thought he could recover. And now he comes around and wants to borrow it to help pay his doctor's bill What do you think of that?—Stray Stories.

Mercenary Love.

Two little cousins had quarreled, and the mother of one of them tried to make peace

"Amy," she said, "why did you tell Bobbie you wouldn't be his little sweetheart?"

"Cos he didn't ask me," replied Amy indignantly, "till he knowed I had a new sixpence!"—London Telegraph

He Kept Count.

A famous animal trainer was talking to a reporter in New York He said:

"The secret of animal training is gentleness Nothing sudden or brusque must be done An unexpected caress may anger an animal more than a kick in the ribs Sudden, brusque, unexpected things never go, no matter how well they are meant. Once I was showing in Scotland. We trainers supped one night with a Scotch admirer. The old man was the soul of hospitality but I admit I was rather startled when he leaned toward me and said,

"'Stick in, man Conklin, stick in. Yer [illegible] twa muffins aheid o' ye.'"

[illegible]

STATE GRANGE

Opens Session in Reading With Many Present.

Reading, Dec. 10—Reading extended a hearty welcome to the 2000 grangers who gathered here for their annual convention which opened yesterday. Many arrived Saturday and Sunday, and every train Tuesday brought another delegation so that by night every hotel, boarding house or rooming house was filled.

When the convention opened yesterday the official welcome was given by Mayor Stratton. Pink and green the colors of the Grange, are the dominating colors throughout the city and at the convention hall.

The task of registering the visitors was begun Monday by officers of the Chamber of Commerce. The delegates represent 65 counties and more than 800 granges in the state. William T. Creasy arrived here on Sunday evening.

All the sessions of the grange will be secret, with the exception of the opening meeting. Following the opening of the grange the committees were appointed and Worthy Master Creasy delivered his annual address. A public reception to the officers and members of the various granges was held last evening by the members of the Chamber of Commerce and citizens of Reading. A program of addresses and music had been arranged. President Daniel F. Printz, of the Chamber of Commerce; John D. Mishler, chairman of the Committee on Convention Mayor Stratton and W. T. Creasy, will be the speakers. Songs by local ragtime singers and a concert by a Germania Orchestra will be followed by and address on "The Currency Bill" by Congressman Robert. J. Buckley, of Ohio.

RECEPTION TO NEW SECRETARY

Hand of Welcome Extended to Mr. and Mrs. Kester

A delightful reception was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Kester and Mr. Falmsbee at the Clearfield Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday evening. About three hundred persons, most of whom are leaders in the religious and social life of the community, were present. The Auxiliary of the association was present, and served a delicious luncheon.

At 8 o'clock, when the guests commenced to arrive, the directors of the association formed a receiving line and warmly welcomed the visitors, who were seated in the gymnasium room.

The president, Hon. Allison O. Smith, presided. The Rockwell orchestra rendered a selection, after which Dr. Bender, of the Trinity M. E. church, made an invocation. Brief remarks of welcome were made by Harry A. Reed, of the Progress. This was followed by a response by the new secretary, Mr. Kester, after which Mr. Falmsbee, the physical director, outlined his plans for the winter

One of the charming features of the evening was the singing by the Boy's quartette. They were called back repeatedly. Mr. Sheeder also gave a number of selections on a victrola which he had placed in the building for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Kester are talented, charming people, and as the new secretary left a position of importance in the Central Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia to assume the duties of general secretary of the Clearfield association, his training well fits him for the duties of the growing work here. Mr. Falmsbee is talented along his particular line, and has given entire satisfaction. With the rapid growth of Clearfield, it is felt that Y. M. C. A. work should receive even better support that has been accorded it in the past. The spirit of hearty good-fellowship that filled the Y. M. C. A. last evening speaks well for the future work.

S. M. Mills Dead

S. M. Mills, formerly of Mill Hall, but who had been visiting his daughter, Mrs. W. F. Stover, on Fourth street, died Monday night, aged 89 years and ten days Besides Mrs. Stover, J. S. Mills, of Clearfield is among the surviving children

It is time to be thinking about those Xmas photos. Have the McDowell Studio make them for you. Nov. 21—24t.

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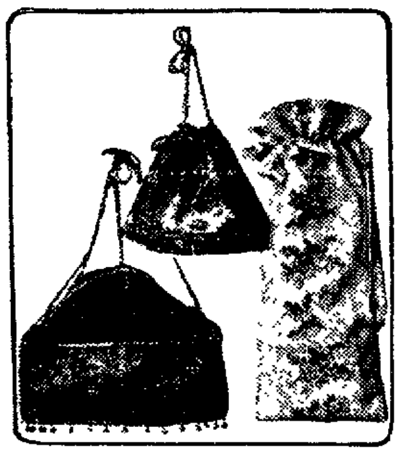
CHRISTMAS BAGS AND FANS ARE HANDSOME

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

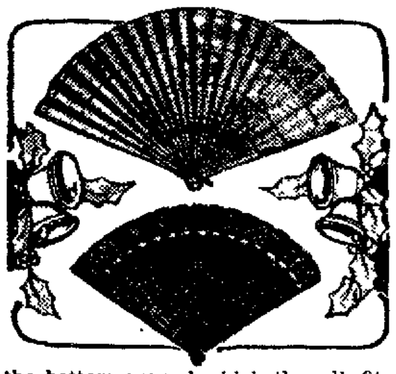
The immense variety in ribbons permits an unending variety in fancy bags, and they will play their usual prominent part at Christmas time. The rich brocades and heavy weaves in plain ribbons are used for opera bags and for the handsome shopping bags which city women find it convenient to carry with them when they have small purchases to make and intend carrying them home Ribbons in lighter weight, such as the Dresdens, in taffeta, which are found in so many beautiful designs, are chosen for all those bags that form accessories to the furnishings of the home Among these, those with flowered patterns on a plain silk ground having wide borders of gauze are the newest and most beautiful of the season's offerings Such a ribbon is shown here in the pretty corset bag pictured.

A new design in a shopping bag which may be made long enough to



answer for a music roll as well, is pictured. It is made of brown ribbon and a figured ribbon stitched together A narrow silver braid is placed over the stitching. The top of the bag is edged with the same braid and a little finish of silver ball trimming is placed along the bottom. The bag is not gathered at the top, but is provided with four cords by which it is held. It is laid in a few plaits at each side, held in place by an ornament made of the silver cord. A substantial ribbon is required for this novel design.

A collar bag of figured silk suitable as a gift to a man is provided with a pasteboard bottom, with sides two or three inches high. The lid of a round, oblong box is used for this foundation. It is covered with the silk A strip of silk ten inches wide forms the bag; one edge is sewed to



the bottom around which the silk fits smoothly. The upper edge is gathered on an elastic cord run in a casing in the hem Silver cord provides hangers and the bag is furnished with an ornament made of it at each side and a bit of silver braid outlining the support at the bottom. This is a convenience that any man will appreciate.

The fine art of Japan puts even the least expensive of Japanese fans in a class by themselves If one must look for gifts which have an artistic value to make them attractive, and at the same time may be had at a small price, the products of the Jap

anese are more likely than any others to meet the requirements of fine taste Here is a little group of fans which illustrate this fact

A fan with white enamel sticks, finished out with gold, has a shaded ground in clear, beautiful blue, merging with white

Carved sandal wood makes a fan for a lifetime, which depends for ornamentation upon the way in which the sticks are cut out in a lace pattern They are held together by a narrow ribbon. The faint and delicious odor of the wood makes this a fan to treasure.

Nothing but a satin-like paper and brown wood sticks form the ground upon which some artist has distinguished himself in the last fan.

Such fans may be found ranging in price from about 50 cents to $2

Woman's World

Mrs. John Purroy Mitchel, Wife of Gotham's Mayor Elect.

© 1913 by American Press Association

MRS JOHN PURROY MITCHEL

The election of John Purroy Mitchel brings his wife into great prominence as official chatelaine of the city of New York Mrs Mitchel who before her marriage to Mr Mitchel was a Boston girl, is the picture of a strong healthy outdoor woman, and she holds that every one could be healthy if he or she would take regular exercise She is particularly interested in swimming

The wife of the new mayor elect is also a strong champion of woman's suffrage and believes that in ten years hence women will have the ballot in New York state Although a suffragist, Mrs Mitchel took no active part in her husband's campaign She is more interested in the work of the woman's auxiliary of the board of health, which is aiding in the fight to stamp out tuberculosis, than in the political game

In a recent interview Mrs Mitchel was asked whether she would insist upon her husband putting a ban on the slit skirt and the flimsy sartorial effect Here her devotion to personal liberty came out

"Indeed, I would not!" she replied "This is a free country, and I believe that every one should be allowed to dress as she pleases Of course if any style should be too extravagant it would bring its own punishment. Women should dress so as to make themselves most attractive, and extravagant dress will not do that'

Mrs Mitchel alluded to the fact that she liked housekeeping and would not be content without her own home So the natural question was:

"If you like housekeeping, do you like cooking?"

"Shall I tell a lie or shall I tell the truth?" she replied with a charming little laugh "I'll say that I like to cook in camp, and camping is great I would like to spend two months in the woods that way every year All outdoor life is very attractive to me'

Incidental to her remarks about housekeeping, Mrs Mitchel spoke of the criticism often heard of the higher education of women Mrs Mitchel believes that the more highly developed a woman is intellectually the more helpful she can be as a wife "I am not a college woman myself, but I am sorry that I am not"

Handy Articles For Hall Rack.

Here are two adjuncts for the hat rack or hall stand, which may be cordially recommended as easily made and sure to be very useful One is a long handled shoehorn, to be used when putting on rubber overshoes, the other a shoe duster, which has a use all its own after a walk along dirty roads

The shoehorn is carved or whittled from some soft, light wood, with a handle long enough to enable one to use it in putting on or in taking off overshoes while standing erect The duster is made from strips of old flannel and woolen cloth cut into finger wide strips three inches long, wound round and round the handle of a discarded feather duster to form a thick soft tassel with which to flick one's shoes on entering the house

When you have given both these articles a fair trial you will never like to be without them

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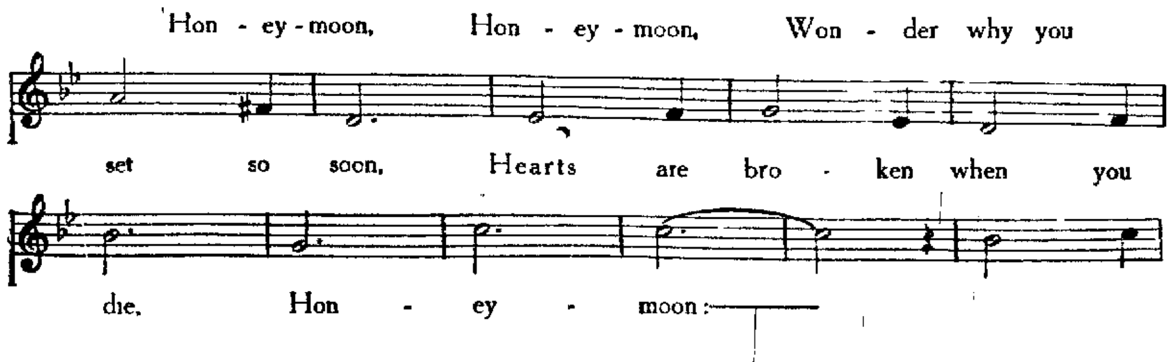

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What Jean Found

Her Christmas Gift

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

It was Christmas eve, and Jean Loring stood in the library looking out between the holly wreaths at the snow drifting against the front steps with every gust of bitter wind. The arc light on the corner turned the flying flakes to black and yellow dots that made her eyes ache Jean turned away and let the silken draperies cover the window.

She was very lonely in spite of many friends. She had no real home ties now. Her black gown bespoke the laying away to rest of the last of her loved ones, her father, the one who had objected to her marriage with Denton King, the artist. Well, she had given him up, and Denton had married Maud Ridley, her dearest friend, and they had disappeared from New York.

"I must go out; it is stifling in here," she muttered, and, hastening upstairs,

"MAUD, MAUD! IS IT REALLY YOU?"

she buttoned herself into a warm fur cloak and pinned a fur trimmed hat on her brown hair.

"I am going out, Mary. You need not sit up for me," she said to her maid as she swept down the stairs.

Around the nearest corner, through the brilliantly lighted avenue, among the Christmas shoppers streaming uptown, evading the motorcars that snorted through the snow that by morning would be impassable, through another cross street, and on and on until all at once she found herself in a different neighborhood, an avenue as thickly populated as that other highway of wealth and fashion, but the shoppers here were of another class.

The women did not scorn to carry home a basket of groceries among the other Christmas purchases, and many a man carried a turkey or a chicken, duck or maybe a plain loin of pork for the Christmas dinner. Many others carried smaller bundles, the best that their means might afford, and still others, and of these there was a pitifully large number, carried nothing.

Men turned and looked at the richly gowned woman standing there on the corner. She wore no jewels, but there was a hint of wealth in the soft furs and in the elegance of her figure. She did not belong here.

Jean felt the rude scrutiny of strange eyes, and she turned into a little bakery to think connectedly for a moment. Her heart was swelling with desire to do some personal service at this season. She was about to speak to the woman behind the counter of the stuffy little shop when something happened that stilled the question on her lips.

A little boy came in, a poorly dressed little lad of ten years, with reddened fingers and thin, eager face, and blue eyes that looked hungrily at the loaves of bread and the piles of cookies and cakes behind the glass cases.

"Please," he said timidly—"please would you let me have a loaf of bread if I paid you tomorrow?"

The woman shook her head impatiently.

"Run along, now; 'tain't right to beg," she said sharply.

The boy turned away with a hopeless look in his face that struck to Jean's heart. She stepped forward and took his hand in her warm gloved one.

"Come with me," she said softly "Let us go to another shop and buy some bread and other things."

"Oh, if you only would!" he cried happily "I could pay you tomorrow I'm quite a big boy, and I could do some errands for you, maybe, and pay you that way."

"That will be lovely" said Jean 'Now, tell me where you live and what else you want to buy."

"I ought to tell you that we're poor," he faltered "We couldn't afford to pay back very much But mother would feel better if we had some tea, and bread is very nice and sweet, you know even if there isn't any butter on it Cherry cries for butter, but she's only a girl. Boys can get along without it!"

Jean's eyes were thick with tears.

"Let us go in here and buy the things you need and then you can pay me back if it takes all the year," she said practically. "What is your name?"

"Leon," he said.

"Here is a nice shop, Leon. See, they have cooked things to eat as well as bread and butter." Jean spoke to the proprietor of the delicatessen shop, and at her order the man produced a large basket, which he proceeded to fill with the things that Jean ordered, while Leon watched the proceeding with amazed eyes that grew frightened when he saw a roasted chicken added to the precious contents.

"Please, ma'am, it's beautiful, but it's more than I can pay for," he whispered at last.

"Oh, no, it isn't! You don't know how well I pay my errand boys," was Jean's encouraging answer.

After that the boy watched her with delighted eyes as oranges and nuts were added to the basket, and at last Jean said there was plenty, and she paid for it from a well filled purse.

"We must carry this together, Leon," she said "Can you manage one side of the basket?"

"I'm sure I can," he said eagerly. "I'm glad you bought the doll for Cherry. Santa Claus might forget to come to our house."

They passed into the crowd on the sidewalk, and Leon guided Jean Loring up another block and around a corner and up the stairs of a dingy tenement house.

"This isn't a very nice place," he whispered apologetically. "We lived in nicer places before father went away. But it's the best mother can do, 'cause she doesn't get much for the 'broidery work, and grandfather didn't leave her any money, after all Here we are—the door in the corner. We're going to have a better place some day," he added as he opened the shabby door that led into a bare little bedroom that smelled sweet and clean, whatever it might lack in furniture and other appointments.

A door led into the next room, a kitchen, where a woman sat at a sewing machine stitching listlessly at something that looked like a doll's dress. A lovely little girl of two years was curled up on a shabby sofa near the fire. The room was warm, but beyond the fire and the scrupulous cleanliness of the place there did not seem to be any other comforts There was no hint of the approaching Christmas day. Everything spoke of poverty.

"That you, Leon?" asked the woman without turning her head. "You were gone a long time, dear. Did you get the bread and the milk?"

Leon hastened to her side.

"Mother, dear," he cried excitedly, "I lost the dime, and"—

"Leon!" cried the mother sharply "It was the last cent I had in the world," she added in a quavering voice.

Leon's arms went around her neck "Don't cry, dear," he whispered. "I did lose the money, but I found a Christmas angel, a Christmas friend, I mean, and she's going to let me work and pay her back for the good things See her!"

Slowly the mother turned a face, stony with despair, the blood creeping in shame to her cheek at the thought of accepting charity. For an instant her eyes closed and then opened, dark and tragically beautiful, to meet the blue eyes of Jean Loring.

Jean spoke first, and there was a trace of bitterness mingled with the surprise and pity of her tone.

"Maud, Maud! Is it really you?"

And the beautiful society girl who had won Denton King's heart away from Jean Loring after all smiled wanly and promptly fainted away at Jean's feet.

The Christmas bells were ringing out a midnight peal when Jean Loring in a taxicab drove up to the door of her home. Alarmed servants were hovering in the hall when she entered, and they flew to do Jean's bidding when she entered with a frail, shabbily gowned woman, who was nevertheless a lady, and two beautiful, sleepy children.

"Are the rooms ready?" asked Jean, who had telephoned in advance of her coming.

"Yes, Miss Loring. The nursery fire is burning, and the blue room is ready."

After the children had been put to bed in the nursery, which was sacred to Jean's own childhood and had always been preserved in its original state, Maud King faced Jean in the luxurious warmth of the blue room Her eyes were filled with tears, and her thin hands trembled.

"Jean, dear, you would not let me say a word all this while," she said firmly, "but now I must tell you of—things. Denton was successful for awhile, but he drank, and matters went from bad to worse He borrowed from father without my knowledge and—well father in a fit of anger changed his will and left everything to Benjamin and then before he could repent of his injustice father was stricken and died I had nothing and you know what my brother is—a spendthrift He gave me nothing and he has wasted his inheritance Denton drank more than ever after that and it killed him I've tried to support the children, with the result you have witnessed!" She threw out her hand with a despairing sob

"Your home is here, Maud," whispered Jean, taking her in her arms "I need a sister I need little loving hands I need your love and the love of your children Will you stay and be my Christmas gift?"

And Maud's lips on her own was Jean's answer.

Good Form

Etiquette of Christmas Giving.

"In making Christmas gifts we should take many things into consideration. We must try to choose something that will give pleasure to the recipient and something of which she has not already more than enough. No one wants to send coals to Newcastle," says Florence Howe Hall

"If, however, my friend is very fond of reading I may properly send her a book. Unless it is one recently published it is safer not to write the name on the flyleaf, as it may prove a duplicate.

"It is always more difficult to find a suitable gift for a rich than for a poor person, because the former usually has so many possessions of all kinds that a new object really becomes a burden To a woman of this sort it is almost always safe to send flowers, since they give pleasure for a few days and can then be thrown away, or one can sometimes select a gift that pleases by its novelty or oddity

"It is easier to find a present for a person who does not own a great many things, but the very fact that she has few possessions makes it important that these shall be good of their kind, so that here also pains must be taken to secure a suitable gift. We must beware, however, of giving useful and prosaic tokens of our regard to a friend of modest means if her taste lie in another direction Margaret Deland has a delightful story of a woman to whom her friends gave a purse of money, hoping she would spend it on curing her smoking chimney She did nothing of the sort, buying instead the blue silk dress for which she had longed all her life and inviting all her friends to a party Few people enjoy receiving purely useful presents Of course we have to make an exception in the case of good things to eat—turkeys and plum puddings—where we are dealing with those who are actually poor or whose position makes it proper to bestow on them things of this sort Here again we must beware of making eleemosynary gifts to those who are on the border line between gentility and poverty To your washwoman you may safely give a pair of chickens or mittens for her children without risk of offense. Your music teacher, who "has seen better days," may be poorer than your laundress, yet you would need to proceed with great delicacy—to feel your way, so to speak—before asking her to accept what she might consider as thinly disguised alms. In a word, she may have a proper pride which you are bound to respect, while you wish in some way to help her.

"Something must depend on the degree of friendship existing between you. We must not make intimate presents, as they may be called. Thus a rich woman who has delicacy of feeling does not give articles of clothing to poor friends without first asking whether she may do so This would not apply to small and dainty accessories of the toilet, such as handkerchiefs, gloves and neckwear."

When Paying a Call.

Winter is the time of social formality, and as an expression of courtesy the call stands supreme. A formal call should be paid between the hours of 3 and 5:30 in the afternoon. You can readily see the reason for this, as a hostess must not be "caught napping," and the caller should give her time to finish any luncheon, nap or duties around the home, and at the same time a departure should be made that will enable the hostess to prepare for dinner.

It is permissible to make a morning call that is not entirely a social one. A call that has for its object a charitable task, the inquiry after the health of one in the household or the investigation of a servant's standing can be made at a convenient hour in the morning. Do not make a call of this character on the "at home" day, for this entertainment demands extra duties from the hostess, and she ought to be undisturbed This type of call is not counted a social call and cannot be made to pay off any social debts.

If a friend has a special day on which she receives callers choose this by all means. The issuing of cards stating the day and the hour will make your calling list a very simple thing. Keep cards of this type and enter the facts in a little book.

If a bride is in her new home and has stated on her cards a social date it is discourteous to call before that time. She may not be prepared to receive visitors Allow a reasonable length of time to elapse and make the first call. In a neighborhood where it is the custom to call on newly arrived residents there should be a comfortable time given to allow of a settling in the new home and an adjustment to one's surroundings

An unmarried woman should call on a matron first, and a younger woman pays the first call on the older one without regard to the fact of the former's being married or single. The best thing to do is to acquaint yourself with the social customs of the city or country in which you reside.

Now there are some calls that are obligatory If you have been bridesmaid or an attendant at a wedding you should call on the true hostess of the wedding reception, the mother of the bride This should be done shortly after the wedding

THE CULINARY ARTIST.

He First Brought Joy and Then Sorrow to His Employers.

Even subalterns sometimes seek in the joys of the palate compensations for deprivations on other fields. Thus on one occasion the chef of a restaurant car, finding himself, for some reason or other, stranded at an unlikely spot in India, offered his services to the officers of an isolated troop of English soldiers, who gladly seized the unlooked for chance. He asked high wages, but by clubbing together they managed to raise them "Hang it all, if we can't have good theaters and good shops, let us at least have good food!" was the idea on which they acted

For a time all went well, since the day contained at least one bright spot But soon inconveniences set in Reports of the Lucullian meals to be enjoyed at —— began to spread and simultaneously the number of inspections to increase alarmingly High officers of all grades became suddenly seized with a burning zeal for the military progress of this particular troop and spent hours trotting it out in the morning and further hours administering judicious criticism over an excellent and prolonged dinner Soon in their hearts the subalterns were cursing the day on which they had set eyes on the restaurant car chef, uncomforted by the magnificent tips which flowed not into their pockets but into that of the culinary artist Presently they agreed that even good food can be purchased too dearly and quietly got rid of their paragon.—Cornhill Magazine.

TIPPING THE WAITER.

Come to Think of It, It Does Win One a Lot of Special Favors.

A New York hotel manager is reported as saying that "a tip is nothing else than a reward for special consideration The question will never be solved as long as any man who asks for special service is in the habit of giving a reward for it."

An eminently sane proposition, says the New York Evening Post See, for instance what special service and special consideration the citizen of New York obtains by tipping the waiter When the customer sits down the waiter refrains from whisking the chair out from under the customer and letting him fall to the floor, as the waiter might very easily do When he brings in the soup he brings it in a plate instead of a bottle Who would grudge a small tip for being spared the humiliation of pouring soup out of a bottle? And in so many other ways which the reader can enumerate for himself, the waiter puts himself out to make the diner comfortable. He refrains from sprinkling sugar over the roast beef and putting olive oil into the ice cream. Between courses he does not sit down to his own meal. If the diner happens to be in the company of a lady the waiter will abstain from disparaging remarks about her complexion. As for the coatroom boy, what is to prevent him from playing football with your hat, except the special consideration due a distributer of tips?

Queer Prisoners.

In the seventies of the last century life in Montenegro was not complex A traveler relates: "At that time the adult male population was away fighting, and at times there was no one to spare to guard the inmates of the prison when out for exercise One of them would then be given the rifle and take over the duty. Prisoners also were sent with messages. One went down to Cattaro, in Austrian territory, with 3 000 florins for the banker there, and faithfully delivered the money and was back in prison at night. Another Montenegrin begged a Russian in Cattaro to intercede for his release from prison. "But you are not in prison," said the Russian "Oh, yes, I am. I have only come here for a load of skins and must go back."

Writing Music.

There is reason to regard the Hindus and the Chinese as in possession of some form of musical notation. The Greeks had a system of writing music, but its comprehension evades us. The Latin notation was, like that of the Greeks in this one particular, alphabetic. A generally accepted tradition credits St. Gregory with the reduction of the scale to the octave and the naming of the seven notes, a service which has commonly won for him the credit of the invention of the art of writing music.—New York Sun.

Improving the Backbone.

Although the following sounds like an Irish pun, it is credited to an American clergyman:

"Patriotism is the backbone of the United States," quoth the minister.

His congregation nodded a silent approval

"And what we have to do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."—Boston Herald.

Smart Dog.

"Which is the smarter, the dog or the horse?"

"No comparison The dog is the wise one"

"How do you make that out?"

"You know how the horse works Did you ever see a dog working for a living?"—Louisville Courier-Journal

The Proper Training.

A man may be able to make money with a common school education but his son must have a college education to know how to spend it.—Washington Herald

Pluck is always trying to forget that it was beaten yesterday

For the Children

London Coster Girls Enjoying an Outing.

(c) by American Press Association.

One of the sights of London is the costermonger when he is arrayed in gala attire The costermonger, as many of our young readers may not know is a peddler of fish or vegetables, and he travels the streets of London in his barrow, which is a small wagon drawn by a donkey. When dressed for a holiday the costermonger is a sight to behold. He wears a suit of velvet decorated with rows and circles or whatever figure suits his fancy all done with pearl buttons. Some of them have been known to disport a costume with 70,000 pearl buttons sewed on as a decoration, and the young people of his family are similarly clothed on special occasions—such as a picnic or other outings. The girls in the picture are costermongers' daughters. Their velvet costumes are covered with pearl buttons, as the photograph discloses They were dancing at a picnic when the photographer passed that way and caught them in action.

What Every Girl Can Do.

The Girl's World suggests fifteen things which every girl can learn before she is fifteen Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within every girl's reach:

Never fuss or fret or fidget.

Never keep anybody waiting.

Shut the door, and shut it softly.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Always know where your things are.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Be patient with the little ones, as you wish your mother to be with you.

Never let the day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

The girl who has thoroughly learned all this might be called "a mistress of arts."

The Weathercocks.

Any number of players may take part in this game, which is really good fun

The four corners of the room are named after the four points of the compass, north being diagonal to west. the rest are weathercocks. The latter should stand in a line in the center of the room. When the wind points to one corner, calling out the name of that direction, the weathercocks must immediately face the opposite direction. Thus if the wind says south they face north, and so on. If he should name a point they are already facing they must remain perfectly still.

When the wind cries "Variable," the vanes must raise themselves to their toes and sway back and forth until the name of one of the cardinal points is again called, when, as before, they turn to the opposite point.

Whenever the wind shouts "Storm" or "Tempest," each vane must whirl completely around three times. Any player failing to observe any of these orders, which are more confusing than they sound, must forfeit some article, such as a handkerchief, hair ribbon or trinket, to be redeemed by a humorous "stunt" after the game is over.

Arrowheads.

The Indian art of making arrowheads is being practiced by white men, who use them for commercial purposes and sell them as old and genuine

The flint is not chipped with stone or metal, as you may have imagined, but with water

An Indian wishing to make an arrowhead held a piece of flint in fire until it was sizzling hot, then allowed a drop of water to drip from a stick upon the spot he wished to chip away The sudden cooling made the flint chip off at once

The only cunning necessary in the art was the shaping of the arrowhead, and so it was not so difficult a thing as most white men imagine

Dolly's Bedtime.

My doll is very sleepy
She ought to go straight to bed.
Her lovely eyes are blinking;
She's nodding her golden head.
But she's such a dear little dolly
I think I will let her stay
Until grampa throws down his paper
And carries us both away.

DISTRICT MANAGER with ability to secure sub-agents for a wonderful invention embodying six new patented points, placing our Portable Gasoline Lamp on a par with electricity. Agents coining money.
ALLEN-SPARKS GAS LIGHT CO.
102-4t. Lansing, Mich.

Ladies earn $25 weekly. Made to measure corsets. Experience unnecessary. Rex Corset Co., New York. 102-6t.

WANTED—Agents to handle a line of silverware, pictures, rugs, lace curtains etc., sold on monthly payments, highest commissions paid. Reference only required. An opportunity to make big money. Apply to P. M. Malloy & Co., 30 W. 4th St., Williamsport, Pa. 102 1t

Save Up Your Trademarks For Xmas

Everybody buys gifts Christmas. You won't have to! Meerly save every trade mark from every one of B. T.

BABBITT'S

Soaps and Cleansers

When Christmas comes your Babbitt trademarks will entitle oou to many valuable preminums, as shown in our cataiogue.

It is the finest selection in the country.

Every gift is worth having — just the kind that you would buy at any reliable store.

you know our reputation—hones't goods and honest premiums— so begin saving to day.

B. T. BABBITT, Inc.
P. O. Box, 1776
New York City

GROCERY SPECIALTIES

Williamsport Sausage
Boiled Tongue, sliced while you wait.
Air Dried Beef, " " " "
Jelly Tongue, " " " "
Jelly Tripe, " " " "
Corned Beef " " " "

A good line of home made pies, doughnuts, salads, etc.

Try a loaf of Mrs. Kerin's home made bread.

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

D. F. GUELICH
DEALER IN
...COAL...

Mines close to town. Coal from the famous Moshannon vein, Also other veins suitable for steam and domestic purposes. A postal addressed to D. F. Guelich, Clearfield R. F. D. No. 2, will bring you a load of coal promptly. H. & C. Phone.

Insist on the Best
Mother's Bread
Will fill every requirement
CITY BAKERY
NO. 12 THIRD ST.
Clearfield, Penn'a.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Published Every Day Except Sunday by the

The Progressive Publishing Co.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

Official organ of the Washington Party of Clearfield county.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1913.

COMING EVENTS.

County Institute, Dec. 15-19.

Reception to new secretary of Y. M. C. A. Dec 9, at 8 P. M.

Good evening! You don't see your name among the contributors to the Clearfield hospital, do you? Why not?

A PENROSE EPIGRAM.

In discussing the probable candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, that he is preparing to nominate, Senator Penrose recently said: "It's the man, not the money." Senator Penrose has been in the business of choosing the Republican candidates for governor in the past quarter of a century, and he has made it plain that the character of the man selected was a small thing so long as the man obeyed the commands of the gang. After the man had been elected it was an easy matter for Penrose to use him in the interests of the machine.

Senator Penrose is at present posing as a reformer. He seeks to fool the people into believing that he is sincere in his statement that he is willing to permit the voters of the Republican party to nominate the candidates for governor and United States senator. He has gone so far as to say that he is glad the voters have a chance to select their candidates at the primaries, instead of these candidates being chosen by Penrose or the Penrose-owned members of the state legislature. But Penrose is a hypocrite and pines for the return of the old days when the gang ruled the state and named its own candidates for office.

The people know that Penrose will present for the consideration of the voters of the Republican party a man for governor, who, if elected, will do what Penrose asks him to do. Penrose is not a reformer. He is not sincere in his expressions of indorsement of the popular will. He cares not who the man is who becomes the candidate for governor, so long as that man wears the Penrose collar. We cannot believe that the voters of Pennsylvania will place faith in Penrose's professions of reform, and at this time **it looks as if Penrose's candidate for governor will be defeated and his own ambition to succeed himself will be doomed to disappointment.**

LACK OF CIVIC PRIDE.

Industrially and commercially Clearfield will rank with any other town of its size in the state and leads many other municipalities of much larger population. In the matter of buildings for homes or business Clearfield has made great strides in the past ten years. In other things which go to mae up thriving, progressive town Clearfield has nothing to be ashamed of, but in the matter of cleanliness there is a lack of civic pride among the citizens which is the cause of surprise among strangers and not at all pleasing to those who are working for a bigger and better Clearfield.

We do not think that the citizens are indifferent to the conditions which exist here. We do not imagine that the citizens take pride in seeing the principal streets of the town littered with old paper, rubbish and dotted with mud holes The people of Clearfield are intelligent and possess much more than the average amount of wealth. They take delight in providing themselves with beautiful homes and lawns and are pleased when strangers speak of Clearfield the beautiful. But what of the streets littered with rubbish?

Dirty pavements, filthy alleys, rubbish-covered grass plots and other evidences of the lack of civic pride can be explained away only upon the supposition that there is a lack of leadership in the movement for a cleaner Clearfield. We make no doubt that if there were to be a meeting of the citizens at which this matter of cleanliness were to be thoroughly discussed the result would be beneficial, not only to the town, but to the people who now fail to realize the true conditions i Clearfield.

The chauffur who runs an automobile while he is drunk deserves to be sent to the place where intoxicating liquors are not dispensed.

How many wayward boys and young men learn a lesson from the proceedings of the criminal court?

Looks as if it had been only a bluff of old winter, after all.

The Democrats in congress threaten to take the tax off oleomargarine. That would be blunder No. 7, on the part of the party which promised to reduce the high cost of living through the passage of a tariff bill.

When a boy offers to sell a fairly good bicycle for three dollars the transaction has the earmarks of suspicion.

VILLA DEFENDED BY GEN. CARRANZA

Governor Hunt of Arizona Gives Out Letter From Rebel Chief.

EXECUTIONS WERE JUSTIFIED

Tells Why Rebels Shot Federal Officers Captured In Juarez—"Calm and Severe Justice," His Motto—Clemency Exhausted, and to Fight Is Only Open Course, He Says.

Phenix, Ariz., Dec. 10.—A letter from General Venustiano Carranza defending the execution by General Francisco Villa of federal officers captured at Juarez and telling why bloody reprisals were being visited by the revolutionists upon federal prisoners of war has been given out by Governor Hunt of Arizona. The letter was in reply to a communication which Governor Hunt sent to the Constitutionalist leader suggesting that a continuation of summary executions by insurgent commanders would horrify the people of the United States and alienate their sympathy.

Carranza in his letter says:

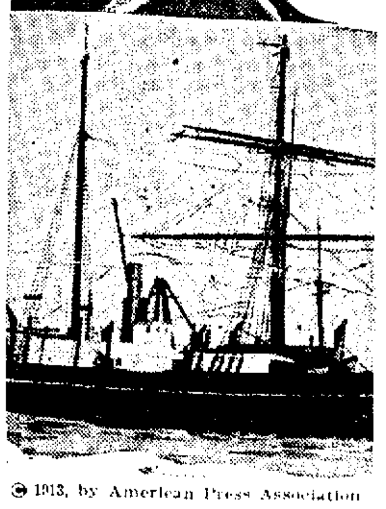
"While recognizing with pleasure the spirit of frank friendship which actuated your letter, I cannot the less deplore the fact that with an imperfect understanding of the peculiar character of the Mexican problems there is likelihood in certain quarters of placing a wrong construction on some of our acts.

"With strict deference to the law provided the Huertista officers were tried and executed in the city of Juarez. Among them were some who had been captured at Torrean by this same General Villa, who after pardoning them agreed that they should be enlisted by our forces. Thereafter they endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to create a defection of the men whom I entrusted to their command, finally deserting to re-engage in crime.

"It is true that the established principles observed in international wars extend to prisoners the privilege of pardon or immunity from bodily harm, but in civil struggles the most civilized nations in all ages have employed more rigorous and bloody means even than we have been compelled to adopt."

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Arctic Explorer and Vessel Karluk, Which Was Blown Away by Severe Winds.



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Somewhere within the confines of the arctic circle drifts Vilhjalmur Stefansson's stanch little vessel, the Karluk, frozen in an ice pack. But the leader of the expedition is not with his vessel and is unaware of its whereabouts, according to a dispatch received from the explorer himself. Stefansson's message states that, believing the Karluk safe in the ice in longitude west 147, fifteen miles off shore, he took a party ashore to hunt. The next day heavy gales sprang up and then a fog. When the weather cleared the Karluk was not in sight and undoubtedly had been carried away by the wind.

GLYNN HOPEFUL FOR ACTION ON MEASURE

Wants Two Important Bills Passed Immediately.

Albany, Dec. 10.—Governor Glynn is hopeful that his workmen's compensation bill and the primary measure will pass the New York legislature late this week. He bases this hope upon telegrams received from legislators, who did not come to Albany for the opening of the session, assuring him that they would be on hand when the measures come up for a vote.

Because of the press of business at the capitol Governor Glynn was forced to decline an invitation to the dinner of the Honest Ballot association. The governor sent the association a telegram.

"I feel that you yourselves would wish me to remain in Albany while the fight for a better ballot is in progress," the telegram said. "While you are meeting to discuss the progress made in the good fight your representatives at the capitol are trying to give the state a law which will make every ballot an honest ballot and, what is more, an intelligent ballot. You can rest from this struggle. We at Albany are still on the firing line.

"The need of the present is education—not education in the three R's, but in the three P's—principle, persistence and patriotism. Belief in the betterment of one's fellowmen, hope and courage that prevail over all obstacles, a generous love of country—these three will solve every problem the republic must meet."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Insures the most delicious and healthful food

By the use of Royal Baking Powder a great many more articles of food may be readily made at home, all healthful, delicious, and economical, adding much variety and attractiveness to the menu

The "Royal Baker and Pastry Cook," containing five hundred practical receipts for all kinds of baking and cookery, free. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

DR. CRAIG SET FREE BY THE TRIAL JUDGE

Acquitted on Charge of Killing Woman Physician.

Shelbyville, Ind., Dec. 10.—Dr. William B. Craig, dean of the Indiana Veterinary college, was acquitted of the charge of murdering Dr. Helene Knabe, a woman physician, in her apartments in Indianapolis on Oct. 23, 1911.

After a trial lasting since Nov. 28, and with only the state's evidence presented, a motion of the defense to take the case away from the jury and direct a verdict of not guilty was granted by Judge Blair.

Judge Blair held that the state had introduced no evidence to show that Dr, Craig murdered Dr. Knabe.

"I recognize the unusual procedure of taking a case of such magnitude from the jury," said the court, "but I have gone through the evidence and find that the state failed to support the charge.

"The state also failed to show that a marriage contract existed between the defendant and Dr. Knabe. So far as the evidence shows, their relations were pure. His automobile rides with her and other attentions were merely acts of kindness."

Judge Blair laid stress on the fact that both Arnold Moore, who saw a mysterious peeper at Dr. Knabe's bedroom window, and Harry Haskell, who encountered a man running from the slain woman's apartments on the night of the crime, could not positively identify Dr. Craig as the man whom they saw. Evidence of Dr Craig's nervousness following the murder whenever he met Miss Augusta Knabe, a cousin of the dead woman, should have no weight, Judge Blair told the jury.

Bread In Spain.

Bread is the Spanish workingman's staff of life and the average daily consumption is a pound per head.

MISS JESSIE M'CANN.

Wealthy New York Girl Disappeared In Manner Similar to Dorothy Arnold.

© 1913, by American Press Association.

The disappearance of Miss Jessie Evelyn McCann from her luxurious home in New York city was equally as mysterious as that of Dorothy Arnold, who was swallowed up by the earth three years ago and who has never been seen nor heard of since. Miss McCann is a pretty and attractive girl, and her parents, together with the police of New York and surrounding cities, are making tireless efforts to get some clew that will lead to her discovery. This is a typical picture of the missing girl. In the lower picture is shown Miss Arnold as she appeared on the day of her disappearance three years ago.

Australian Crawfish.

The crawfish, which may be described as a fresh water lobster, usually lives a purely aquatic life and keeps to the river bed. Some of the crawfish found in Australia, however, have forsaken the water and excavate burrows in damp soil. The tunnel leading to the heart of the burrow is free from water, but water is always present in the chambers at the end where the crawfish lives. They do much damage to artificial water courses in the mining districts by riddling the banks and dams.

Sacrificed to the Nile.

The ancient Egyptians, if they did not worship the river Nile, held it in great veneration and even dread. The Nile had its appointed priests, festivals and sacrifices, and if its rising was delayed for a single day a beautiful young girl was thrown into its waters and drowned in order to appease the god's anger and secure his favors.

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Alice Lemon has returned from a visit to friends in Lumber City.

Mr. and Mrs William Bigler will spend the week-end with friends in Pittsburgh.

Thos. V. Bowen, editor of the Mahaffey Times, was a business visitor in town Tuesday evening.

A. M. Bloom, the Penfield hotel man, was in town on business today.

Postmaster Lowell, of Penfield was a visittor to Clearfield today.

W. F. Coppe, of Patton, registered at the Demeling today.

R. H. Martin, of Ridgway, was in town yesterday.

W. H. Denlinger, Jr., of Patton, well known in Clearfield, was recently operated upon at the Spangler hospital for throat trouble.

Miss Ellen Anderson, of DuBois, is visiting friends in Clearfield.

Miss Helma Vickland, of DuBois, who has been the guest of friends in Clearfield, has returned to her home.

On Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 3, Mrs. William Cox, of Dorey street, East End, sumptuously entertained the Ladies Society of the B. of L. F. & E., of which she is a member. May we enjoy many more afternoons like that one. Secretary.

O. Bruce Porter, Dr. W. S. Piper, Dr. R. W. Livingston and R. M. Reed were visitors to Curwensville on Tuesday night, where they attended Masonic lodge and a banquet. It was installation night and these gentlemen assisted in the installing of the newly elected officers of the Curwensville lodge.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Hugh McCullough to Andrew Gulland in Burnside township. $1.

James Stald, to Agnes Duch, land vers. land in DuBois $250.

Franklin Edgar Hoch to Blanche Dull, land in Mahaffey. $1.

Just in at William F. Powell's Hardware store on Second street a fine assortment of the "Pure Aluminum 1892 Ware", most acceptable as Christmas gifts. Come in and see "The Ware that Wears."

Doctors Endorse

If we did not believe doctors endorsed *Ayer's Cherry Pectoral* for coughs and colds, we would not offer it to you.

Sold for 70 years.

Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

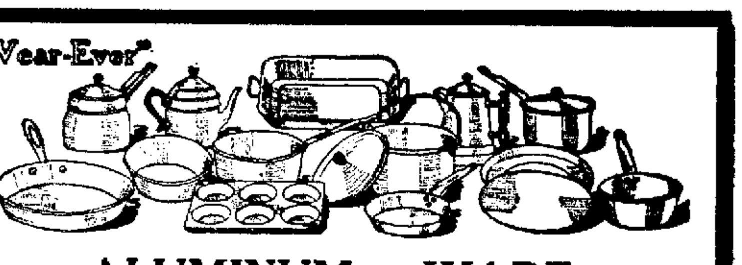
The first meeting of the Bridge club for the benefit of the Hospital will be held at the residence of R. C. Wright on Thursday, Dec. 11, at 2 o'clock. After the meetings will be every alternate Friday. All persons wishing to join will please send their names in early. 6t, Dec. 2.

A Hospital Benefit.

Thursday evening, December 11, the first meeting of the Bridge club, which will play for the benefit of the Clearfield hospital, will be held at the residence of R. C. Wright, play to begin at 2 o'clock. All persons interested in the hospital are urged to be present. After this week the club will meet on alternate Fridays during the winter.

You will find all kinds of useful gifts for Christmas at William Powell's Hardware store. Why not be a Spug?

Miss Florence Stone in "A Girl of the Underworld" at the opera house Friday night. Seats on sale Thursday Prices 10-20-30-50 cents.



ALUMINUM WARE

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Ware saves fuel and time because it heats evenly and quickly.

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Ware is seamless, can not rust, can not chip or scale, cannot taint food, is easily kept clean.

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Utensils cut down labor and time and money so fast that if you once use one you will soon have a whole **"Wear-Ever"** kitchen.

May we send you a booklet, the **"Wear-Ever"** kitchen which explains how to improve your cooking? Free upon request.

SPECIAL. To acquaint you with the Wear-Ever line, a one quart handled Sauce Pan regularly selling at 45c for 30c while the stock lasts.

Telephone Orders Given Prompt Attention.

Clearfield Hardware Co.

125 Market Street, Clearfield, Penn'a

NEW OPERA HOUSE

TONIGHT

The Angell Stock Company

PRESENTING

"Thorns and Orange Blossoms"

The Great Society Drama in 4 Acts

PRICES 10c, 20c and 30c

To-Morrow Night—"Her Marriage Vow"

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A. W. LEONARDSON CO. 229—231 MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

EVERY spot in the store is bright and "Christmassy" and during the next two weeks your plans are our plans more than ever. In its merchandise and its service you will find that this store is better equipped than ever before to be of greater service to you in aiding you in Christmas preparation. ¶ Every family, large or small, rich or poor, has its own holiday problems. We aim to help in the solution of each. We invite you to came and look at your pleasure without feeling that by so doing you are placing yourself under the slightest obligation, make yourself at home, it is your store, as well as ours.

CHRISTMAS RIBBONS

EVERY WANTED KIND

Taffata single faced satin or double faced satin Ribbons in all shades and widths. Morie Ribbons for sashes, hair bows or fancy work, pink, light blue, copen, French, and navy blue, white, red, emerald and American beauty. 25c to 50c a yard

Dresden Ribbons, used extensively for fancy work, hair bows and sashes. 25c to $1.35 a yard Plain or Roman stripe Ribbons a beautiful collection, extremely popular. 25c to 75c a yard.

A large assortment of beautiful fancy ribbons in all the popular shades. for girdles, fancy bags, and the like. Shades are mahogany, emerald, French blue, navy and black. 25c and 50c a yard.

Plain and brocaded velvet ribbons in all the popular shades, from the baby widths to the girdle width. 10c to $1.00 a yard.

CHRISTMAS LINENS.

36x36 in., H. S. and scalloped Linen cloths, 75c to $2.50.

45x36 in. H. S. and scalloped Linen cloths, $1.00 to $3.50.

54x54 in. H. S. and scalloped Linen Cloths, $2.00 to 6.50.

15x15 H. S. French napkins, $3.25 to $5.00 dozen.

45 in. scalloped lunch sets with ½ doz. napkins, 15x15 to match, $4.50 and $5.50 set.

72x72 round scalloped separate cloths, $3.75.

72x72 Pattern cloths, $2.50, $2.95 and $3.75 each.

Pattern Cloths With Napkins.

72x90 pattern cloths $3.95, napkins at $4.50 a doz.

81x81 pattern cloths with napkins to match, $14.00 set.

Special Xmas. Prices on Table Linens By the Yard.

90c all linen cream damask, Xmas price, 79c yd.

90c all linen bleached damask, Xmas price, 79c yd.

$1.00 all linen bleached damask, Xmas. price, 89c. yd.

$1.25 all linen silver bleached damask, Xmas. price $1.00.

$1.75 all linen bleached damask, Xmas. price, $1.25.

$3.25 all linen bleached, 86 in. wide, $2.75.

$2.00 " " " 72 " " 1.48

Bleached Napkins, by the dozen, 50c to 5.00

CHRISTMAS LINENS.

H. S. Guest Towels with monogram space 19c

H. S. and Scalloped Guest towels 14x22 25c

H. S. and embroidered Guest towels 50c

H. S. Linen Huck towels with fancy borders and monogram space 25c up to $2.00 each.

45x36 emb. pillow cases 25c each

45x36 emb. pillow cases ready boxed $1.00 pair

45x36 H. S. Linen Cases $1.25 to $2.75 a pair.

45x36 Emb. Linen cases $4.00 and $4.50 a pair.

90x100 H. S. Linen Sheets $9.75 and $12.50 a pair.

7 and 12 in. plate doilies 50c up to 89c each

20 in. cluny lace edge doilies at $2.00

Linen Torchon lace edge center pieces 50c to 1.50

Battenberg squares and scarfs 1.00 to 2.50

45 in. Battenberg Table covers 1.75 to 4.00

Drawn work squares 50c to 4.50

18x50 in. Dresser scarfs special at 25c

H. S. emb. and lace trimmed scarfs 50c to $2.50

27x84 Piano scarfs $3.50 to $6.50

CHRISTMAS BED SPREADS

Beautiful assortments of Fringed and scalloped quilts $2.25 to $6.50

Marseille patterns $1.50 to $2.00

HOLIDAY JEWELERY.

Ingersol Watches	$1.00 to 2.00
Shirt Waist sets	25c to 7.50
Baby and Beauty Pins	25c to 50c
Bar Pins. Broaches, etc.	25c to 1.00
Men and Womens cuff links	25c to 50c
Bracelets, Lockets, Necklaces	25c to $2.00
Men's Tie pins and clasps	25c to $1.00
Coin purses and chains	25c to 50c
Mesh Bags, Vanity cases etc.	50c to $2.00

CHRISTMAS SALE FURS

FUR COATS - FUR MUFFS - FUR SCARFS

The warmer weather during the fur selling weeks this season has left our fur stock unusually large. To reduce stocks to normal and to induce lively buying of furs for Xmas presents, we have sacrificed profits, and bring rich, warm, stylish furs to you at wholesale and less just when you are most interested.

$45.00 Blk. Pony Coats, 45 in. now $29.75

$50.00 Blk. Pony Coats, deep shawl collar now $39.50

$65.00 Blk. Pony Coats, Fur collars and cuffs now $47.50

$85.00 Blk. Pony Coats, deep shawl collar now $67.50

$95.00 Blk. Pony Coat, deep shawl collar now $75.00

$100.00 Blk. Pony Coat, Blk. Fur collar and cuff now $77.50

$75.00 Marmot Coat, deep shawl collar now $57.50

$100.00 Marmot Coat, Beaver collar and cuffs now $77.50

150.00 Hudson Seal collar and cuffs civit cat now 95.00

Childrens Fur sets From 1.50 up to 10.00

Misses Fur Sets From 5.00 up to 16.50

Ladies' Neck pieces From 2.50 up to 45.00

Ladies' Muffs From 2.50 up to 65.00

Xmas Handkerchiefs

Child's Handkerchiefs, 3 in box, 19c box

Child's colored border and initial, 25c box.

Women's handkerchiefs, white and colored initial 25c each.

Women's White Emerald lawn H. S. 10c to 50c each.

Women's all linen, embroidery and lace corner, 25c to 50c each.

Women's Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs, 3 in box, special $1.00 box.

Women's Sheer Linen Handkerchief's, 2 inch hem, 25c to 50c

Men's Linen Handkerchiefs 10c to 50c

Men's Linen Initial Narrow hem 25c each.

Sealpackerchief Handkerchiefs, all linen, neatly boxed, a dozen or more styles 10c to 50c a box.

Xmas Novelties

Lady Dainty Ribbon effects 25c to 50.

Toilet sets, comb, brush and mirror, 98c to $7.95 set.

Jewel and Ring boxes, gold or silver, 48c to $2.50 each.

Dainty Clocks in Ivory and brass, 50c to $5.00

Inlaid Silver Dishes, etc., 50c to $2.75.

Men's women's and children's manicure sets, $1.50 to $8.50.

Powder puff jars, special at 25c ea.

Mens' smoking sets $1.98 to $3.98.

Baskets

Sweet grass novelty and work baskets 25c to $1.25.

Sandwich trays waste and flower baskets $1.25 to $2.50.

Xmas Neckwear, Stationary, Boxes, Seals, Etc.

Beautiful Xmas Neckwear.

Jabots in shadow lace, net and batiste 25c to 75c.

Irish crochet collars and jabots $1.25 to $5.00.

Dolly Varden collars with frill 50c to $1.00.

Plain white net, fischu effects, 59c to $1.50.

Shadow lace collars, with fine edge, 75c to $1.50.

White and colored Maline Ruffs, $1 to $2.00.

Plain and fancy Boudoir caps 69c to 89c.

Tourist Cases

Wash cloth cases 25c to 50c

Art Licking and Silk Covered Cases, 50c to $2.00.

Xmas Slippers

A sample lot felt Juliets, not all sizes, colors black, brown and red, fur and ribbon trimmed, $1.00 quality for 79c. $1.50 quality for $1.19.

Womens' and children's overgaiters, black and colors, sale price 25c and 50c a pair.

Leather Goods

Hand bags and purses 25c to $10.00.

Men's bill books and purses 25c to $2.00.

Leather Pullman Slippers in case, $1 pair.

Toilet Articles

Full line of Hudnuts, Colgates, and Wm. Brown perfumes, toilet water, and sachet, each boxed in handsome Xmas boxes, 25c to $2.00 each.

Xmas Stationary, Et-.

Xmas stationery and correspondence cards 15c to $1.00.

$1.00 Leather bound Xmas books special 59c

Xmas post cards and letters 10c a doz, to 5c each.

Xmas boxes assorted sies 5c and 10c each.

Red Cross Seals for sale here.

Xmas Hosiery and Gloves

Men's "Gordon" dye silk or cashmere hose, linen heel and toe 25c and 50c.

Silk lisle sox, 4 pair to box, special $1.00 box.

Men's fancy silk hose plain colors, 2 pairs to box, colors black, tan gray and navy, Xmas box $1.00.

Men's Neckwear

Silk knit ties in choice assortment of patterns. Boxed for $1.00.

Men's silk ties, plain colors, choice 50c.

Men's Suspenders

Men's silk suspenders, plain, Xmas box, 98c.

Men's Xmas suspenders fancy Xmas box, 25c.

Men's Xmas suspenders burnt wood box 50.

Men's suspender and hose supporter in fancy Xmas box. Special at 59c a box.

Xmas Gloves

Men's kid gloves in fancy Xmas folder $1.50.

Ladies' kid gloves in fancy Xmas folder $1.00, $1.50.

Children's kid gloves in fancy folder 50c to $1.00.

Ladies' 16 button white kid gloves at $2.50, $3.50.

Xmas Hosiery

Ladies' Gordon hose, 4 in box, $1.00 box.

Children's Gordon hose, 4 in box, $1.00 box.

Infant's wool hose, 4 in box, $1.00 box.

Ladies' silk hose, fancy box, 50c, $2.25.

A. W. LEONARDSON CO. 229-231 MARKET ST.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Hind's Head Tapestry

Story of a Christmas Eve Wedding

By CLARISSA MACKIE

A pale shaft of sunlight slanted through the mullioned window and fell upon Lady Rosamond's curly head, brightening the bronze tresses into a crown of gold. She smiled scornfully as she watched her uncle pacing angrily up and down the long room. Now he paused before the fire and looked steadily at the glowing logs.

"If your Cousin Robert gives you back your troth, what then?"

Her voice was unwavering. "Do not try to shake my faith in Robert. I am as sure of his love as I am positive that were I married to Broadmeadow and his gold wiped out the debt upon our acres within a twelvemonth you would gamble it away again."

"Hold, minx!" shouted the earl angrily. "The lad's own hand will shake your faith in that tricksy soldier, I warrant!" He held before her unwilling gaze a sheet of paper which bore Robert Southley's seal on its broken edge. She read with whitening face:

Dear Broadmeadow—This to inform you that I will part with my lady for a hundred guineas provided you do not change your mind before this reaches you, for she's a deceitful jade and full of humors. I tell you plainly I am thankful to be rid of her, and I have other plans. My cousin Dourley will settle the matter with you, and I am writing him by this post. Y'r obed't serv't, ROBERT SOUTHLEY.

London, ye 15 day of Nov'r, 1745.

Lady Rosamond stood in her bedchamber, her face pressed against the casement, looking out into a world of cold, gray skies and naked, brown trees. A stable lad led a black mare slowly up and down before the terrace. She was a splendid creature with long, clean cut limbs and a trick of tossing her head suddenly that now and then lifted the lad off his feet. He

HE LOOKED AT HER WITH SUSPICION.

tugged at the halter, and the mare pranced and curveted and arched her satin neck and snorted disdainfully.

"Whoa, my lady!" shouted the lad, clinging to the bit as his feet cleared the ground once more.

Lady Rosamond pushed wide the casement and leaned out. "Ho, lad!" she called sharply.

He looked up and awkwardly touched his forelock.

"What name do you give the mare?" she asked.

"'Tis Ladybird, my lady," replied the blushing youth. "Mr. Robert calls her 'My Lady' sometimes," he added, as a heavenly smile broke over the sad little face at the lattice.

She spoke again, carelessly, though her sweet voice trembled.

"Oh, 'tis the mare Squire Broadmeadow wishes to buy, eh?"

"Yes, my lady."

She threw a coin to the grinning lad and, closing the lattice, she broke into angry sobs.

"I knew Robert was true to me, but what a scurvy trick to play on a simple girl! How could I know, the message was so deceiving? That careless Robert, and, oh, the tricksters, to try to befool me!"

She pondered long and earnestly before she stole down to the great stone flagged room where the earl kept his private accounts and bullied his long suffering tenants. She dipped a quill into the huge ink pot and covered several sheets with her angular writing. She printed a kiss on Robert's name as she folded the missive, and there was a gleam of mischief in her brown eyes as she sealed it with the earl's private seal, which by some mischance lay upon the table. She addressed the letter carefully and, when the ink had dried, shook the sand from it and, hiding it in her bosom, flew up the wide stairs to her room. Robert was in London, and London was fifty miles away. The London coach would pass the park gates the next day; but, even if delivered to the coachman, something might prevent its safe delivery. Oh, for a trusty messenger!

That evening the earl sent for her and when she entered his library he looked with surprise upon the docility of her manner.

"Well, lass," he said gayly, "wilt stop this silly nonsense and wed Broadmeadow at Yuletide?"

"I will be wed at Christmas," she replied meekly, with downcast eyes.

Two days dragged by, and no chance arose to send her message to Robert.

Then one morning as she lingered near the highroad she heard the rumble of the approaching coach, and, wrapping her furred cloak closely about her, she sped into the road and held up her missive together with a silver coin. A postilion swooped from his saddle and snatched both coin and letter, and the coach thundered on toward London.

The wedding had been set for Christmas evening, and the preparations for the bridal and the Yuletide feast went on apace. Christmas eve dawned gray and cold. Lady Rosamond crept around in her old brown velvet gown, a sorry little figure.

She wandered aimlessly from room to room, and then at twilight she slipped into a warm cloak, called her woman and stepped into the fast gathering dusk.

She walked slowly down the avenue beneath the naked boughs of the oaks. Near the gate a crone was gathering fagots, her wild, gray locks streaming in the wind.

"May your ladyship's wedding day be bright," she cackled shrilly, with a courtesy.

"Thank you, Goody," murmured Lady Rosamond sadly, drawing a coin from her pocket.

As her hand touched the woman's she felt a firm, warm pressure that sent the blood singing to her heart. A glance from ardent dark eyes sparkling beneath the gray thatch of wig hurried the blushes back to her pale cheeks, and, with an apprehensive glance at her handmaid, she thrust a twisted note into her pocket. The yawning abigail was gazing idly across the valley and started as her young mistress plucked at her sleeve. The crone had hobbled away, and the two women walked swiftly back to the castle.

A few minutes later Lady Rosamond was reading the folded bit of paper from her lover's hand. She sobbed over the precious words of love and hope that it contained, and her flagging spirits revived with the knowledge that all would be well with her, for one unbidden guest kept watch beyond the castle gates until the time appointed.

The next day the castle resounded with mirth and jollity. Savory odors crept up from the kitchens, where the groaning spits slowly turned under their toothsome burdens. There was a stirring and mixing of pasties and sweet cakes, a bustling to and fro from the musty cellars with certain ancient, cobwebbed bottles. Huge hampers of fruit and game blocked the passageways, and a vast army of servants worked and idled, laughed and grumbled.

The rooms were garlanded with holly and mistletoe, and Lady Rosamond flitted gayly among her guests and appeared so happy and so gracious to all that Broadmeadow felt that he might now venture within her presence. Her kindly greeting sent his rusty old pulses beating to youth's time as he handed her to the banquet hall, where dinner was spread at noon.

At dusk it was snowing heavily, and within doors the fun grew fast and furious. The stone paved galleries echoed to flying feet as youth and beauty played old games beneath the grim portraits of generations of Dourleys.

Some one proposed a game at hide and seek, and in a moment one was blindfolded and the rest scattered here and there over the great castle. One by one they were discovered and emerged from their hiding places—all save Lady Rosamond. The bride was missing.

As time passed amused curiosity gave way to anxiety. One had seen her disappear behind the hind's head tapestry on the staircase landing, but diligent search revealed naught but the the oaken panels of the wall. She was not within her rooms nor anywhere that searching eyes could discover.

Reluctantly they trailed into the great hall and told the earl, who, with the ancient bridegroom, still drank before the fire. He swore savagely as he listened, and a great fear showed itself in his face as he limped up the stairs followed by the company. Broadmeadow stumbled in the rear. On the staircase landing Lord Dourley tore aside the hind's head tapestry and at a touch the oaken panels slipped aside and revealed a dark opening. A gaping lackey stepped forward with a candle, and the silent company followed their muttering host down a little winding stair into the chapel, where a single candle on the altar shone like a star. Near an open door that led into the yew walk lay something white, and some one brought forth into the candlelight a dainty lace kerchief. The earl burst into angry laughter as he paused in the doorway.

The ground before the door was trampled, and a single ridge of snow down the path told of the passing of a horse. Outside the park gates there were two ridges that wound away along the highroad.

While the castle guests were noisily dispersing, Lady Rosamond and plain Robert Southley were quietly married by the waiting clergyman.

Then they mounted their sturdy nags and resumed the journey to London. The clouds broke away, and in the glow of the Christmas stars stretched a long, broken track of snow.

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Within the ...Law

By MARVIN DANA

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"Just tip me off to the truth," Burke went on ingratiatingly, "and I'll get the necessary evidence in my own way. Now, there's nobody here but just you and me. Come on, now—put me wise!"

"Are you sure no one will ever know?"

"Nobody but you and me," Burke declared, all agog with anticipation of victory at last. "I give you my word!"

Mary met the gaze of the inspector fully. In the same instant, she flashed on him a smile that was dazzling, the smile of a woman triumphant in her mastery of the situation. Her face was radiant, luminous with honest mirth.

She spoke in a most casual voice, despite the dancing delight in her face. The tones were drawled in the matter of fact fashion of statement that leads a listener to answer without heed to the exact import of the question, unless very alert indeed. This is what she said:

"I'm not speaking loud enough, am I, stenographer?"

And that industrious writer of shorthand notes, absorbed in his task, answered instantly from his hidden place in the corridor.

"No, ma'am, not quite."

Mary laughed aloud while Burke sat dumfounded. She rose swiftly, and went to the nearest window, and with a pull at the cord sent the shade flying upward. There was revealed the busy stenographer, bent over his pad. A groan of distress burst from him, and he fled the place in ignominious rout.

The smiling Mary was returned to her cell.

CHAPTER XVIII.
The Confession.

BURKE pressed the button call and ordered the doorman to send in Cassidy. When the detective appeared he asked:

"Does Garson know we've arrested the Turner girl and young Gilder?" And, when he had been answered in the negative: "Or that we've got Chicago Red and Dacey here?"

"No," Cassidy replied. "He hasn't been spoken to since we made the collar. He seems worried," the detective volunteered.

"He'll be more worried before I get through with him!" he growled. He regarded Cassidy speculatively. "Do you remember the third degree Inspector Burns worked on McGloin? Well," he went on, as the detective nodded assent, "that's what I'm going to do to Garson. He's got imagination, that crook! The things he don't know about are the things he's afraid of. After he gets in here, I want you to take his pals one after the other, and lock them up in the cells there in the corridor. The shades on the corridor windows here will be up, and Garson will see them taken in. The fact of their being there will set his imagination to working overtime, all right."

Burke reflected for a moment, and then issued the final directions for the execution of his latest plot.

"When you get the buzzer from me, you have young Gilder and the Turner woman sent in. Then, after a while, you'll get another buzzer. When you hear that, come right in here, and tell me that the gang has squealed. I'll do the rest. Bring Garson here in just five minutes. Tell Dan to come in."

As the detective went out, the doorman entered, and thereat Burke proceeded with the further instructions necessary to the carrying out of his scheme.

"Take the chairs out of the office, Dan," he directed, "except mine and one other—that one!" He indicated a chair standing a little way from one end of his desk. "Now, have all the shades up." He chuckled as he added: "That Turner woman saved you the trouble with one."

He returned to his chair, and when the door opened he was to all appearances busily engaged in writing.

"Here's Garson, chief," Cassidy announced.

"Hello, Joe!" Burke exclaimed, with a seeming air of careless friendliness, as the detective went out, and Garson stood motionless just within the door.

"Sit down a minute, won't you?" the inspector continued affably. He did not look up from his writing as he spoke.

Garson's usually strong face was showing weak with fear. His chin, which was commonly very firm, moved a little from uneasy twitchings of his lips. His clear eyes were slightly clouded to a look of apprehension as they roved the room furtively. He made no answer to the inspector's greeting for a few moments, but remained standing without movement, poised alertly as if sensing some concealed peril. Finally, however, his anxiety found expression in words. His tone was pregnant with alarm, though he strove to make it merely complaining.

"Say, what am I arrested for?" he protested. "I ain't done anything."

Burke did not look up, and his pen continued to hurry over the paper.

"Who told you you were arrested?" he remarked cheerfully in his blandest voice.

Garson uttered an ejaculation of disgust.

"I don't have to be told," he retorted huffily. "I'm no college president, but when a cop grabs me and brings me down here I've got sense enough to know I'm pinched."

"Is that what they did to you, Joe? I'll have to speak to Cassidy about that. Now, just you sit down, Joe, won't you? I want to have a little talk with you. I'll be through here in a second." He went on with the writing.

Garson moved forward slightly to the single chair near the end of the desk and there seated himself mechanically. His face thus was turned toward the windows that gave on the corridor, and his eyes grew yet more clouded as they rested on the grim doors of the cells. He writhed in his chair, and his gaze jumped from the cells to the impassive figure of the man at the desk. Now the forger's nervousness increased momentarily. It swept beyond his control. Of a sudden he sprang up and stepped close to the inspector.

"Say," he said, in a husky voice, "I'd like—I'd like to have a lawyer."

"What's the matter with you, Joe?" the inspector returned, always with that imperturbable air, and without raising his head from the work that so engrossed his attention. "You know, you're not arrested, Joe. Maybe you never will be. Now, for the love of Mike, keep still and let me finish this letter."

Slowly, very hesitatingly, Garson went back to the chair, and sank down on it in a limp attitude of dejection wholly unlike his customary postures of strength. Again, his fear fascinated eyes went to the row of cells that stood silently menacing on the other side of the corridor beyond the windows. His face was tinged with gray. A physical sickness was creeping stealthily on him, as his thoughts held insistently to the catastrophe that threatened. His intelligence was too keen to permit a belief that Burke's manner of almost fulsome kindliness hid nothing ominous—ominous with a hint of death for him in return for the death he had wrought.

Then, terror crystallized. His eyes were caught by a figure, the figure of Cassidy, advancing there in the corridor. And with the detective went a man whose gait was slinking, craven. A cell door swung open, the prisoner stepped within, the door clanged to, the bolts shot into their sockets noisily.

Garson sat huddled, stricken—for he had recognized the victim thrust into the cell before his eyes. It was Dacey, one of his own cronies in crime—Dacey, who, the night before, had seen him kill Eddie Griggs. There was something concretely sinister to Garson in this fact of Dacey's presence there in the cell.

Of a sudden the forger cried out raucously:

"Say, inspector, if you've got anything on me, I—I would"— The cry dropped into unintelligible mumblings.

Burke retained his manner of serene indifference to the other's agitation. Still, his pen hurried over the paper, and he did not trouble to look up as he expostulated, half banteringly.

"Now, now! What's the matter with you, Joe? I told you that I wanted to ask you a few questions. That's all."

But, after a moment, Garson's emotion forced him to another appeal.

"Say, inspector"— he began.

Then, abruptly, he was silent, his mouth still open to utter the words that were now held back by horror. Again, he saw the detective walking forward, out there in the corridor. And with him, as before, was a second figure, which advanced slinkingly.

Again the door swung wide, the prisoner slipped within, the door clanged shut, the bolts clattered noisily into their sockets.

And, in the watcher, terror grew—for he had seen the face of Chicago Red, another of his pals, another who had seen him kill Griggs. At last he licked his dry lips, and his voice broke in a throaty whisper.

"Say, inspector, if you've got anything against me, why"—

"Who said there was anything against you, Joe?" Burke rejoined, in a voice that was genially chiding.

"Say, inspector, if you've got anything on me"—

"What's the matter with you today, Joe? You seem nervous." Still, the official kept on with his writing.

"No, I ain't nervous," Garson cried, with a feverish effort to appear calm. "Why, what makes you think that? But this ain't exactly the place you'd pick out as a pleasant one to spend the morning." He was silent for a little, trying with all his strength to regain his self control, but with small success.

Burke believed that his opportunity was come. His hand slipped into the pocket where was the pistol, and clutched it. He stared at Garson fiercely, and spoke with a rush of the words:

"Why did you kill Eddie Griggs?"

"I didn't kill him!" The reply was quick enough, but it came weakly. Again, Garson was forced to wet his lips with a dry tongue, and to swallow painfully. "I tell you, I didn't kill him!" he repeated at last, with more force.

"You killed him last night—with this!" Burke cried, viciously. On the instant, the pistol leaped into view, pointed straight at Garson. "Why?" the inspector shouted. "Come on, now! Why?"

"I didn't, I tell you!" Garson was growing stronger, since at last the crisis was upon him. He got to his feet with lithe swiftness of movement and sprang close to the desk. He bent his head forward challengingly, to meet the glare of his accuser's eyes.

There passed many seconds, while the two men battled in silence, will warring against will. In the end it was the murderer who triumphed.

Suddenly, Burke dropped the pistol into his pocket, and lolled back in his chair. His gaze fell away from the man confronting him. In the same instant, the rigidity of Garson's form relaxed, and he straightened slowly.

"Oh, well," Burke exclaimed amiably, "I didn't really think you did, but I wasn't sure, so I had to take a chance. You understand, don't you, Joe?"

"Sure, I understand," Garson replied, with an amiability equal to the inspector's own.

Burke pressed the buzzer as the agreed signal to Cassidy. "Where did you say Mary Turner was last night?"

At the question, all Garson's fears for the woman rushed back on him with appalling force.

"I don't know where she was," he exclaimed doubtfully. He realized his blunder even as the words left his lips, and sought to correct it as best he might. "Why, yes, I do, too," he went on, as if assailed by sudden memory. "I dropped into her place kind of late, and they said she'd gone to bed—headache, I guess. Yes, she was home, of course. She didn't go out of the house all night." His insistence on the point was of itself suspicious, but eagerness to protect her dulled his wits.

"Know anything about Gilder?" Burke demanded.

"Not a thing," was the earnest answer.

The inner door opened, and Mary Turner entered the office. Garson with difficulty suppressed the cry of distress that rose to his lips. For a few moments the silence was unbroken. Then presently Burke by a gesture directed the girl to advance toward the center of the room. As she obeyed he himself went a little toward the door, and when it opened again and Dick Gilder appeared he interposed to check the young man's rush forward as his gaze fell on his bride, who stood regarding him with sad eyes.

Then, while still that curious, dynamic silence endured, Cassidy came briskly into the office.

"Say, chief," the detective said rapidly, "they've squealed."

"Squealed, eh? Do they tell the same story?" And then when the detective had answered in the affirmative he went on speaking in tones ponderous with self complacency.

"I was right, then, after all—right all the time. Good enough." Of a sudden his voice boomed somberly. "Mary Turner, I want you for the murder of"—

Garson's rush halted the sentence. He had leaped forward. His face was rigid. He broke on the inspector's words with a gesture of fury. His voice came in a hiss:

"That's a —— lie! I did it!"

CHAPTER XIX.
Anguish and Bliss.

GARSON shouted his confession without a second of reflection. But the result must have been the same had he taken years of thought. Between him and her as the victim of the law, there could be no hesitation for choice. The prime necessity was to save her, Mary, from the toils of the law that were closing around her. For himself, in the days to come, there would be a ghastly dread, but there would never be regret over the cost of saving her. He had saved her from the waters—he would save her until the end, as far as the power in him might lie.

The suddenness of it all held Mary voiceless for long seconds. She was frozen with horror of the event. When, at last, words came, they were a frantic prayer of protest.

"No, Joe! No! Don't talk—don't talk!"

"Joe has talked," Burke said, significantly.

"He did it to protect me," she stated, earnestly.

The inspector disdained such futile argument. As the doorman appeared in answer to the buzzer, he directed that the stenographer be summoned at once.

"We'll have the confession in due form," he remarked, gazing pleasedly on the three before him.

"He's not going to confess," Mary insisted, with spirit.

But Burke disregarded her completely, and spoke mechanically to Garson the formal warning required by the law.

"You are hereby cautioned that anything you say may be used against you." Then, as the stenographer entered, he went on with lively interest, "Now, Joe!"

Yet once again, Mary protested, a little wildly.

"Don't speak, Joe! Don't say a word till we can get a lawyer for you!"

The man met her pleading eyes steadily, and shook his head in refusal.

"It's no use, my girl," Burke broke in harshly. "I told you I'd get you. I'm going to try you and Garson, and the whole gang for murder—yes, every one of you. And you, Gilder," he continued, lowering on the young man who had defied him so obstinately, "you'll go to the house of detention as a material witness." He turned his gaze to Garson again, and spoke authoritatively. "Come on now, Joe!"

Garson went a step toward the desk and spoke decisively.

"If I come through, you'll let her go—and him?" he added as an afterthought, with a nod toward Dick Gilder.

"We'll get the best lawyers in the country," Mary persisted desperately. "We'll save you, Joe—we'll save you!"

Garson regarded the distraught girl with wistful eyes. But there was no trace of yielding in his voice as he replied, though he spoke very sorrowfully.

"No, you can't help me," he said simply. "My time has come, Mary. And I can save you a lot of trouble."

"He's right there," Burke ejaculated. "We've got him cold. So, what's the use of dragging you two into it?"

"Then they go clear?" Garson exclaimed, eagerly. "They ain't even to be called as witnesses?"

"You're on!" Burke agreed.

"Then, here goes!" Garson cried, and he looked expectantly toward the stenographer.

"My name is Joe Garson."

"Alias?" Burke suggested.

"Alias nothing!" came the sharp retort. "Garson's my monaker. I shot English Eddie, because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon, and he got just what was coming to him." Vituperation beyond the mere words beat in his voice now.

"Now, now!" Burke objected, severely. "We can't take a confession like that."

Garson shook his head—spoke with fiercer hatred.

"Because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon," he repeated. "Have you got it?" And then, as the stenographer nodded assent, he went on, less violently: "I croaked him just as he was going to call the bulls with a police whistle. I used a gun with smokeless powder. It had a Maxim silencer on it, so that it didn't make any noise."

Garson paused, and the set despair of his features lightened a little. Into his voice came a tone of exultation indescribably ghastly. It was born of the eternal egotism of the criminal, fattening vanity in gloating over his ingenuity for evil. He stared at Burke with a quizzical grin crooking his lips.

"Say," he exclaimed, "I'll bet it's the first time a guy was ever croaked with one of them things! Ain't it?"

The inspector nodded affirmation.

"Some class to that, eh?" Garson demanded, still with that grewsome air of boasting. "I got the gun and the Maxim silencer thing off a fence in Boston," he explained. "Say, that thing cost me $60, and it's worth every cent of the money. Why, they'll remember me as the first to spring one of them things, won't they?"

"They sure will, Joe!" the inspector conceded.

"Nobody knew I had it," Garson continued, dropping his braggart manner abruptly.

At the words, Mary started, and her lips moved as if she were about to speak.

"Nobody knew I had it—nobody in the world," he declared. "And nobody had anything to do with the killing but me."

"Was there any bad feeling between you and Eddie Griggs?"

"Never till that very minute. Then I learned the truth about what he'd framed up with you." The speaker's voice reverted to its former fierceness in recollection of the treachery of one whom he had trusted.

"He was a stool pigeon, and I hated him! That's all, and it's enough. And it's all true, so help me God!"

The inspector nodded dismissal to the stenographer, with an air of relief.

"That's all, Williams," he said heavily. "He'll sign it as soon as you've transcribed the notes."

Then as the stenographer left the room Burke turned his gaze on the woman, who stood there in a posture of complete dejection, her white, anguished face downcast. There was triumph in the inspector's voice as he addressed her, for his professional pride was full fed by this victory over his foes.

"Young woman," Burke said briskly, "it's just like I told you. You can't beat the law. Garson thought he could—and now"— He broke off, with a wave of his hand toward the man who had just sentenced himself to death in the electric chair.

"That's right," Garson agreed, with somber intensity. His eyes were grown clouded again now, and his voice dragged leaden. "That's right, Mary," he repeated dully, after a little pause. "You can't beat the law!" He hesitated a little, then went on, with a certain curious embarrassment. "And this same old law says a woman must stick to her man."

The girl's eyes met his with passionate sorrow in their misty deeps. Garson gave a significant glance toward Dick Gilder, then his gaze returned to her. There was a smoldering despair in that look. There were, as well, an entreaty and a command.

"So," he went on, "you must go along with him, Mary. Won't you? It's the best thing to do."

The girl could not answer. There was a clutch on her throat just then, which would not relax at the call of her will.

Of a sudden, an inspiration came to him, a means to snap the tension, to create a diversion wholly efficacious. He would turn to his boasting again, would call upon his vanity, which he knew well as his chief foible, and make it serve as the foil against his love.

"You want to cut out worrying about me," he counseled, bravely. "Why, I ain't worrying any, myself—not a little bit! You see, it's something new I've pulled off. Nobody ever put over anything like it before."

He faced Burke with a grin of gloating again.

"I'll bet there'll be a lot of stuff in the newspapers about this, and my picture, too, in most of 'em! What?"

The man's manner imposed on Burke, though Mary felt the torment that his vaingloryin was meant to mask.

"Say," Garson continued to the inspector, "if the reporters want any pictures of me could I have some new ones taken? The one you've got of me in the gallery is over ten years old. I've taken off my beard since then. Can I have a new one?"

"Sure you can, Joe. I'll send you up to the gallery right now."

"Immense!" Garson cried boisterously. He moved toward Dick Gilder, walking with a faint suggestion of swagger to cover the nervous tremor that had seized him.

"So long, young fellow," he exclaimed and held out his hand. "You've been on the square, and I guess you always will be."

Dick had no scruple in clasping that extended hand very warmly in his own.

"We'll do what we can for you," he said simply.

"That's all right," Garson replied, with such carelessness of manner as he could contrive. Then at last he turned to Mary. This parting must be bitter, and he braced himself with all the vigors of his will to combat the weakness that leaped from his soul.

As he came near the girl could hold herself in leash no longer. She threw herself on his breast. Her arms wreathed about his neck. Great sobs racked her.

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" The gasping cry was of utter despair.

Garson's trembling hand patted the girl's shoulder very softly, a caress of infinite tenderness.

"That's all right," he murmured huskily. "That's all right, Mary." There was a short silence, and then he went on speaking more firmly. "You know, he'll look after you."

He looked up over the girl's shoulder and beckoned with his head to Dick, who came forward.

"Take good care of her, won't you?"

He disengaged himself gently from the girl's embrace and set her within the arms of her husband, where she

"That's all right. That's all right, Mary."

rested quietly, as if unable to fight longer against fate's decree.

"Well, so long!"

He dared not utter another word, but turned blindly, and went, stumbling a little, toward the doorman, who had appeared in answer to the inspector's call.

"To the gallery," Burke ordered curtly.

Garson went on without ever a glance back.

There was a long silence in the room after Garson's passing. It was broken at last by the inspector, who got up from his chair and advanced toward the husband and wife. In his hand he carried a sheet of paper, roughly scrawled. As he stopped before the two and cleared his throat, Mary withdrew herself from Dick's arms and regarded the official with brooding eyes from out her white face.

Burke extended the sheet of paper to the husband.

"There's a document," he said gruffly. "It's a letter from one Helen Morris, in which she sets forth the interesting fact that she pulled off a theft in the Emporium, for which your Mrs Gilder here did time. You know, your father got your Mrs. Gilder sent up for three years for that same job—which she didn't do. That's why she had such a grudge against your father and against the law too!"

Burke chuckled, as the young man took the paper, wonderingly.

"I don't know that I blame her much for that grudge, when all's said and done. You give that document to your father. It sets her right. He's a just man according to his lights, your father. He'll do all he can to make things right for her, now he knows. Now, you two listen. I've got to go out a minute. When I get back, I don't want to find anybody here—not anybody! Do you get me?"

* * * * * * *

When the official was gone, the two stood staring mute—each at the other through long seconds. What she read in the man's eyes set the woman's heart to beating with a new delight. What he read in her eyes set the husband's pulses to bounding. He opened his arms in an appeal that was a command. Mary went forward slowly, without hesitation, in a bliss that forgot every sorrow for that blessed moment, and cast herself on his breast.

THE END.

DECEPTION.

The essence of lying is in deception, not in words. A lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence, and all these kinds of lies are baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded. No form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived because the deception was by gesture or silence instead of utterance.—John Ruskin.

Wesley and Whitefield.

In the mouths of Wesley and Whitefield the repeated sermon became both necessary and effective, for they journeyed and found new hearers for old sermons. Wesley, for instance, traveled 4,500 miles a year until he was well on toward threescore years and ten and, traveling, preached two, three and occasionally four times a day. With Whitefield particularly the sermon gained by repetition. Thus writes his biographer: "It never reached its highest point of effectiveness until he had preached it forty times. Then it became on his lips a perfect instrument of persuasion." Whitefield, it has been calculated, preached over 18,000 sermons.—Chicago News.

Robert Burns.

Robert Burns belongs in the very front rank of the world's great men. As a song writer he stands along with Goethe, Heine and Beranger, and as a satirist he ranks well up with Juvenal and Pascal. His "Cotter's Saturday Night," his "Tam O'Shanter" and his "Holy Fair" are simply inimitable, as great in their line as the most consummate masterpieces of the world's greatest writers. Burns was original in the best sense of that word, and his songs, satires, epistles and many of his more serious productions stand forth unique and fresh and powerful as the tints of Titian or the chiseling of Phidias.—New York Journal.

Reassured Him.

He was a young man—a candidate for an agricultural constituency—and he was sketching in glowing colors to the audience of rural voters the happy life the laborer would lead under an administration for the propagation of sweetness and light. "We have not yet three acres and a cow, but it will come. Old age pensions are still of the future, but they will come." Similarly every item of his comprehensive program was indorsed by the same cry. Then he went on to talk of prison reforms. "I have not yet personally," he said, "been inside a criminal lunatic asylum." Then there was a voice from the back of the hall, "But it will come."—Argonaut.

Sultans and Beards.

Mohammed never shaved, and his beard was considered sacred. His namesake, the conqueror of Constantinople, is described as having had "mustachios like leaves over two rose buds, and every hair of his beard was as a thread of gold." It was he who in reply to a question as to his plans for a campaign said, "If a hair of my beard knew them I should pluck it out." Great was the scandal when one of his successors, Selim the Grim, took to shaving. "I have cut off my beard in order that my vizier may have nothing to lead me by," he replied, and Selim's viziers knew better than to bandy jokes with him.

His Queer Doctrines.

Two centuries have passed since the Scottish judge, Lord Monboddo, was born. In his "Origin and Progress of Language" he argued that human beings should be studied like other animals, but this doctrine seemed to the contemporaries of Dr Johnson so ridiculous that the wags based many a jest upon it. His belief that men got rid of their tails by sitting upon them would now scarcely raise a smile among anthropologists. Among his more startling propositions was the earnestly maintained one that the orang outang "was a class of the human species, and that its want of speech was merely accidental."

Oil on the Waters.

Oil may be applied to the sea in a hundred ways. In emergencies it may be pumped overboard. It may be emptied through the scuppers, through the ship's drains or by means of her pumps. Where it spreads the slapping tumbling motion of the water ceases, though the swell of the sea of course continues. Navigators for centuries have found oil of great value in preventing great inrushes of water that sweep vessels in a gale. With the combers reduced the vessel will ride the swell instead of running danger of being swamped beneath it.—Rear Admiral A. M. Knight, U. S. N., in Philadelphia Bulletin.

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NO WATER IN CINCINNATI.

Shortage, Caused by Accident, Makes Fire Danger Great.

Cincinnati Dec 10—Owing to the shortage of water in the central portion of this city following the bursting of a water main on Saturday, the fire situation was described by Fire Chief Bunker as "absolutely appalling" The only available water is in the Eden park reservoirs, and this would not last an hour in case of a big blaze, declared the chief

A flying squadron of ten automobile chemical engines has been mobilized and will be rushed to any fire All firemen have been put on emergency duty No schools opened, and the pupils will be given a vacation until the central supply main is repaired This it is expected, will be Thursday

LOBBY INQUIRY REPORT.

Grave Impropriety Found In McDermott's Conduct.

Washington, Dec 10—Results of the house lobby investigation by a committee headed by Representative Garrett of Tennessee were made public in two reports—a majority report signed by Democrats and Republicans alike and a supplemental report filed by Representative McDonald of Michigan

The majority made no recommendations but declared that Representative J T McDermott of Illinois had been guilty of acts of grave impropriety unbecoming the dignity of his position though we cannot say that he has been corrupted in his votes

Germ Treatment For Troops.

Paterson, N J Dec 10—Five hundred officers and men of the Fifth regiment National Guard lined up in squads on the floor of the armory here at intervals with left arms bared Each was given the first of the three treatments which will render them immune from typhoid fever

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

Two thousand striking teamsters of Indianapolis resumed work, 1 300 men still out

Stanley J Quinn was slated for executive ... by Governor Glynn of New York at $4 000 a year

An automobile containing five men was struck by a train near Fort Dupont Del W A Jester was killed

"Boss" Kuehnle of Atlantic City N J will be taken to Trenton to begin a prison sentence He hopes for pardon

The Rev John L Gaunt an aged recluse of Louisville Ky was murdered and his body thrown into a creek

Father Von Kubinyi and congregation of 200 of South Bend Ind will forsake the Catholic for the Episcopal church

Representative Ten Eyck asks for a wide channel in the Hudson river from Hudson to Troy, twenty seven feet deep

An instantaneous water heater explosion at the Western Electric company's Pittsburgh plant killed a man and fatally hurt a boy

Francesco Domorski of Bayonne N J was arraigned on a charge of wife beating and sentenced to kneel and kiss his wife's hand

Peter Woods and Charles Fritz of New York were arrested in Bayonne N J, on a charge of passing counterfeit half dollars and turned over to secret service agents

THE SCHMIDT CASE.

Confessed Murderer and Woman Friend of Girl He Slew Snapped In Court.

Photos by American Press Association

Hans Schmidt is anxious to expiate at once what is considered the most heinous crime committed in recent years He insists that he is guilty of murdering Annie Aumuller and asks that he be electrocuted without further delay Still attorneys are endeavoring to prove him insane These photographs were taken in the courtroom since his trial began The woman is Miss Josef Igler who was a friend of the murdered girl and who appeared as a witness against Schmidt

NEW YORK STOCKS.

Early Price Movements Irregular and Tone Uncertain.

New York Dec. 9

Price movements in the early trading were irregular a number of the important issues making moderate gains while pronounced weakness was shown in other quarters Selling orders at the market made New Haven sell at the opening one point apart in different sections of the crowd the initial transactions being recorded as 500 at 75 and 400 at 74 against 76¼ at close yesterday The manner in which the stock acted created a disposition to regard the dividend outlook at tomorrow's meeting as uncertain The news of the proposed financing of Canadian Pacific was unfavorably regarded both here and in London

Nearly all the speculative interest on the floor was centered in the trading in New Haven The stock was depressed from the start and sold off to 73 against 76¼ yesterday a new low record The supply came from many sources mostly in small amounts This weakness was due to a publication this morning quoting a director as being opposed to the declaration of any dividend at meeting scheduled for tomorrow The weakness in New Haven unsettled the rest of the market Governments unchanged Other bonds heavy

The feature of the trading in the late forenoon was renewed pressure against American Sugar which sold off to 100 a loss of nearly 3 points The rest of the list held fairly steady New Haven rallied about 1 point but quickly lost this gain American Cotton Oil showed a lack of demand

Amal Copper	70¾	North Am	69
Am Car & F	44	Northern Pac	107⅛
Am Sm & R	62	Penn R R	108½
Am Sm & R pf	97½	Peo G L	118
Am Snuff	166	Reading Ry	160¼
Am Sugar	100⅛	Rdg Ry 1st pf	89
Am Tel & Tel	118⅜	Rep I & S	80¼
Am Tobacco	243¾	Sears Roebuck	174¾
Atchison	93	Southern Pac	87
B & O	92¾	St L & S F 2d pf	93⅛
*Brooklyn R T	86½	So Pac 1st pd	91⅛
Canadian Pac	225⅞	Southern Ry	21½
Ches & Ohio	57	South Ry pf	75
C M & St P	98¾	Un Cigar Mfg	45⅞
Con Gas	128	Un Dry Goods	91
Deere & Co pf	94	Union Pac	152¾
Gen Electric	138	Union Pac pf	83¾
Great Nor pf	124¾	U S Rubber	54½
Kayser (J) Co	80	U S Rubber pf	99
Lehigh Valley	147⅞	U S Steel	6⅛
Lorillard	177	U S Steel pf	10
N Y Central	93¼	Utah Copper	48
N Y C & St L	50	Westinghouse Co	64⅛
N Y N H & H R R	73¼	*Ex dividend	

GENERAL MARKETS.

New York Dec 9

FLOUR—Receipts 28,000 shipments 9,000 spring patents $4.40a4.60 winter straights $4.10a4 ... winter patents $4 ... a4.75 spring clears $4.a4.20 winter low grades $3.a3.4 Kansas straights $4 ... a4.5 rye flour fair to good $3. a3 ... choice to fancy $3 ...

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—$2 ... nomin

CORNMEAL—Dull fine white and yellow $1.... coarse $1.40a1.50 kiln dried $3.60

BARLEY—Malting ... f o b Buffalo ...

WHEAT—Receipts ... shipments 2,000 No 2 red ... No 1 northern ... Duluth ... Wheat was steady with some buying ... the small increase in the world's visible supply there were some complaints ... account of cold weather ... covering December ...

CORN—Receipts ... 1000 No 2 new ...

OATS—Receipts 34,000 shipments ... standard white in elevator ... No 3 ...

45½c natural white and clipped white, 45a48c

FEED—Steady western spring bran, 100 lb sacks $24.25 standard middlings $24.60, city $23.50 bulk, $24

MOLASSES—New Orleans, open kettle, 34a39c

BUTTER—Top grades higher and firm, others dull receipts 9 080 creamery extras lb 31a36½c firsts 27a33c., seconds 23a26c held extras 31a32c firsts 27a 29½c seconds 23a26c state dairy, tubs, finest 30a32c good to prime 26a29c common to fair 22a25c process extras 25a 26c firsts 23a24c seconds 21a22c, imitation creamery firsts 23a24c factory held 21a22c current make firsts 21a21½c seconds 19½a20½c picking stock, held 19½a 20½c current make No 2, 19a19½c No 3 17½a18½c

CHEESE—Steady receipts 2 393 boxes, state whole milk specials white held 16½a16¾c fresh 16c colored held 16½a 16¾c fresh 16c average fancy white, held 16¼c fresh 15½a15¾c colored held 16¼c fresh 15½a15¾c skims specials, held 13a13½c choice 11½a12½c

EGGS—Firmer receipts 9 349 cases fresh gathered extras doz, 39a41c extra firsts 37a38c, firsts 35a36c seconds 32a 34c refrigerators special marks, fancy, 29½a30c firsts 28a29c seconds 26½a27½c, state Pennsylvania and nearby hennery whites 45a50c, gathered whites 45a48c hennery browns 42c gathered brown and mixed colors, 37a41c

NEW HAY AND STRAW—Steady timothy per ton $17a21.50, shipping $15a16 clover $14a18 clover mixed $14a19.50 long rye straw, $16.50 oat, $12 small bales, 50c. a$1 less per ton than large

POTATOES—Weak, Bermuda per bbl, $3.50a5, domestic, bbl or bag, $2a2.25 European bag, $1.25a1.60, sweets southern, bbl $1a1.50 Jersey, basket 60c a$1

LIVE POULTRY—Unsettled chickens, lb 15a15½c, fowls 16½a17c, old roosters, 12c turkeys 16c, geese, 14c, ducks 15a 16c, guineas pair 65c pigeons 20c

DRESSED POULTRY—Western turkeys old per lb 20a23c, fancy, dry picked, 22a24c average 16a18c, chickens broilers poor dry packed, 12 to box 3 to 4 lbs to pair western milk fed, lb 22a25c, corn fed, 19a23c, dry packed 12 to box milk fed, 31 to 47 lbs to dozen 18a19c 48 to 60 lbs and over to dozen, 20½a21c, corn fed, 31 to 47 lbs to dozen 16a17c 48 to 60 lbs and over to dozen 18½a20c, broilers, iced 3 to 4 lbs to pair Philadelphia and Long Island, 26a28c, Pennsylvania 23a25c, Virginia milk fed, 23c western milk fed dry picked 21a 21½c corn fed 17c scalded 16a16½c, 5 to 6 lbs to pair iced, Philadelphia 18 a20c Pennsylvania 16a17c Virginia, milk fed 17c western milk fed 16a16½c, corn fed dry picked 14½c, scalded 13a 14c 8 to 10 lbs and over to pair iced Philadelphia fancy 23a25c Pennsylvania 17a18c western milk fed, 17½a20c corn fed dry picked 17½a18c scalded 13½a17½c fowls western boxes lb 12a 13 barrels 13a17½c old roosters 12½c spring ducks western choice lb 15a16c, average 12a13c geese choice 14a15c average 10a12c squabs per dozen $2.75a 4.75 guineas per pair 75c a$1.25

CALVES—Live veal calves per 100 lbs $8 ... a ... cull veals $6 ... grass calves $ ... a ... yearlings ... $4.50a ... country dressed veals ... lb 11½a17c buttermilk calves ... grass ...

CHICAGO HOGS—Receipts 35,000 market ... lower ... prices $7.0a7.55 ... pigs $ ... a7.25

BUFFALO HOGS—Market closed steady ... $8 ... a8.5 pigs $8

The Weather

Fair ... moderate westerly winds

Spiteful

Mrs Fatleigh—My husband loves me dearly He says that when I am away the house seems empty Mrs Slim—That isn't love necessarily He may have referred ... to your size—Boston Transcript

Xmas Presents For Men and Boys

¶ Useful presents bought at Flegal's are easy to select and make Men and Boys happy ¶ Suits, Overcoats, Rain Coats, Sweater Coats Mackinaw Coats, House Coats, Bath Robes, Shirts, Neckwear, Hats, Caps, Gloves, Suspenders: Umbrellas, Handkerchiefs, Etc. ¶ Special Xmas Boxes of Initial Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Arm Bands, and Garters, Ties. Etc.

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The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

Capital, Surplus and Profits,	$1,065,000
Total Resources	4,000,000

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The commercial accounts of business men are especially welcomed by this bank.

The amount of its invested capital and the extent of its total resources have enabled it in the past to meet the needs of its depositors and insure its ability to do so for the future.

The officers will appreciate an opportunity to discuss your banking needs with you.

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FRIDAY NIGHT

The Play of the Hour

A GIRL OF THE UNDERWORLD

By Jack Gorman

Comedy

Sensation

Pathos

Seat Sale Thursday

Prices 10c 20c 30c and 50c

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Annual Christmas Sale of Men's, Women's and Children's

CLOTHING, SHOES AND FURNISHINGS

Has Started and will Continue during the Entire Month of December.

¶ At the psychological moment, at the most opportune time that this could possibly appear, just as you are in the midst of your Autumn and Winter shopping we offer you our most remarkable and attractive stock of seasonable merchandise at these extremely low sale prices. This is the sale that you eagerly await.

Let Nothing Keep You Away

Everything in the store marked in plain figures at sale prices.

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IS the price of a pocket cigar lighter. Small, compact and a sure lighter. The newest article on the market. A household lighter to fasten on the wall 75c. Fancy ash trays with lighter combined $1.50 and $3. No parts to be renewed.

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THE latest sweater; one with a combination neck, giving their different type collars. Come in and look at them. Prices from $5 to $6.50 according to weight. Other sweaters $1.25 to $8. We still have a nice stock of shotguns and rifles to select from.

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